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Travel letter no. 19, Series 1

Joseph Peace Hazard

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Dear Sister (No 19) Chester 6 mo 11. 57

I left Manchester at 5 P. M. and got here in two hours 40 miles by Rail. Chester has about 30,000 people, and the Dee is a nice rapid stream. I mailed at Manchester No. 18. This (No 19) will be probably the last I shall send in some time. Soon after Manchester comes a wide, wet, heather moor, on which the cultivated fields are gradually encroaching, but the rail passes through miles of it yet. At Warrington ^(about 15 miles) a large town with many high chimneys the scenery begins to appear. Some of the beauties of Nottinghamshire on the East while west of the Rail lies the flat valley of the messy, by which is seen also the Bridgewater Canal, always steady and sober enough for navigation, which the natural channel is not. This canal has twice the traffic (I heard) it had at the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester Rail way, which it is probable at that time was expected to be fatal to the Duke of Bridgewater's great work and interest. The old Cathedral here is interesting. Its red sand stone walls, worn by time look as if built almost of round stones, with its cloisters &c &c it covers much ground. The interior is rudely simple, and striking. A King of Mercia having vowed to erect a church where he should kill his first stag, we have that important event and spot commemorated and marked by that of Saint John and its Priory, the latter a ruin. Such is the virtue of deer slaying. The good man has doubtless reaped his reward, unless one thousand and three hundred years are not sufficient space for such a merit. The tower of this church is a grand object. The triforium within the building is said to be the most perfect in the Kingdom. The castle is removed into a prison. The city walls afford a pleasant walk on the ramparts, above the Dee, and the old Bridge is in good preservation. I learn that the Gallies which make a covered way for foot passengers in man

2) in many of the streets originated as means of defence in case an enemy should get within the walls. These lead into alleys that ramify like ward of a lock and lead to exit - Only one way to get out, and that by the entrance. Many of these curious galleries are 20 feet wide and some of them are above the ceilings of shops beneath but paved and solid as the ground. It appears to me a modification of these would be a good plan in our climate of heat and heavy rains. The curious and heavy old timbers, that support at irregular intervals and directing, the houses above ~~you~~ the pedestrian are quaint enough. But Chester is growing too, and the new is no chief of the old block. One house was pointed out on a timber of which is written "The Providence of God is my Inheritance" Tradition says this ~~was~~ the only house that escaped the great Plague in this town, and hence the inscription. The Park of the Marquis of Westminster commences at the edge of the town. I asked some one the way to St John's Abby. A gentleman who happened to be dropping a letter into a cart Iron Post (of which many are planted and regularly attended by officers in England, to save running to the General Post Office) the place) hearing me, offered at once to show me, and walked a long time explaining every thing. He said he often had gentlemen (Americans) sent to him with letters by his friends & I rather think he was a lawyer - possibly a clergyman. He is a thorough going American principal man, with his eyes wide open to the operation of our system. I was poking about an old church, a man came up to me and upon conversing finding I was an American, presented the key and took me all through. I am at a delightful inn as quiet as Mammoth cave. I am now in the midst of gooseberry season, and have them stewed (by ordering) and enjoy them very much with sugar and cream. My old habits at tea in this respect have been a good deal broken during this journey, and often because I am

to full of what I've seen to think of what should
be ordered for meals, in good time. Salmon in the Dec.
The galleries I spoke of are generally used for shops, a
lot of arcades, and appear to be the most fashionable
in town. The town walls with one ~~old~~ tower appear to
invest the town nearly completely. By the Cathedral
is a grand old 'gate way' of large dimensions
and gothic arch. The best thing of the kind I
have yet seen. Then long days, the shops are closed
before sun down, I have noticed both here and
at Manchester, probably the practice is general.
I rather think it is very late in the morning too be
fore much stir is made - I should think the
blouse hat is worn more than any other, in England.

June 12th - Bangor ("Bang-or")

Wales has redeemed itself to day, the last 40 of
the 58 miles of rail from here to Chester afford as much
that is delightful as almost any Rail Route I have
taken, for the same distance. As I was walking
down ~~street~~, I heard some one call to me, and
on looking around there was Brenton Cox coming
head foremost off an Omnibus, we have now met
3 times within 10 days, the last time at Chatsworth.
After breakfast at Chester, at which I availed myself
of Cheshire cheese, ~~for~~ the locality's sake, but found
it not so good as they send over the sea to us, I walked
about 3½ miles to Eaton Hall, 3 miles of it through
the park which is pasture and meadow, generally
all pastured. Crossing the Dee by the Grosvenor
Bridge just at the end of the town, we soon came
to the gateway. The park is generally level, plenty
young and very pretty, but the walk not to compare
to many a one I know of in Staffordshire woods.
The house is a fine gothic affair of about 600 ft
front. The West front is the carriage entrance
and the walks are of stones quite as big as hen eggs
nearly impracticable without very thick shoes, this
front looks down ~~on~~ a good avenue, The Dee winds
huttily through the extensive grounds, but most
streams in England are deficient in cleanliness and

very frequently are offensive to the sight. I re 4
member this was particularly the case with some
in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, about Rolyn
Chapel and castle, when paper mills spoiled them.
Returning I took another path by which I left the
ground at Ecclestone - This portion of the ground
appeared to be older, there were many good trees
and one noble oak ~~with~~ great branches, but
now fast going. I saw seringers in bloom.
No hay cut yet except a little trimming in small
early spots, and then rare. The Maynes paddocks
for young horses are quite large and enclosed with
masonry too high to scale without aid. One of the
Gardners told me that poor men were chayed
in this district, on an average $2/6$ per square
Rod sent for little garden patches - This is ~~quitting~~
the face of the poor at the rate of 90 dollars rent per
acre. A large tree would shade enough ground
to produce a tolerable income. I saw by the
Barracks and castle at Chester two 56 pounders
marked as trophies of Sebastopol. The Dee flats
extend west from Chester by the rail for miles and
are quite wide rich alluvials, dyked against the
river in some places 10 feet I should think, and very
high generally - In a few miles the river becomes a
wide bay at high water, at low tide, thousands of
acres and tens of thousands of flats are left bare.
The shores on the opposite side are very pretty and
remind me of those of the Chesapeake. Large
areas of heather on the slopes, look like dense
forests in the distance, so dark is their contrast
with the grass - The soil is sandy, the slope to the water
Southern and I should think must afford a fine
winter resort, a white watering place stood on the
lower edge of the green awaiting the water ~~now~~
to rise, now a mile off apparently. At the town
of Flint we passed an old ruin castle standing on
the water brink, and soon came to Holy well
("Hollywell") a town of 10,000 people supported by lead
and copper smelting & the shot factory pipe works. Here
is the famous St. Winifred's well. I enclose some long
leaves from the chapel that covers it. Walking ~~to~~
a mile and a half up a narrow gorge ~~singular~~

in which the town (of one street for a long way) is built I came to the well. There is really an air of sanctity about the old and handsome arches of that hanging over it support a chapel above. As this is only 16 miles from Chester it is scarcely necessary to remark that it is the property of the Marquis of "Eton Hall" Grosvenor, Marquis of Westminster. The spring bursts from the ground a full grown brook bigger than Rocky Brook in May, and sufficient to carry large works ~~below~~ immediately below. Although coal is dug upon the ground, as well as lead, I found water Power was considered very valuable, as being so much cheaper than steam. I should not taste any thing in the water. It is drunk and used as a bath: it is said with great efficacy. I saw some 3 dozen crutches, stuck in the arches between the columns that surround the well, and one hand barrow, on which a patient is said to have been brought and left cured as also the propertions of the crutches. These implements did not look as if they had belonged to persons who could afford to pay much ^(the bath is 2d) for any benefit whatever. But the poor have ever had the most faith. Those who take great care to provide against every contingency are apt to lose more or less of trusting, in the process. Chillingham died under Cardinal England must be invaded on all sides unless her courts were lined with defences. This was the natural result of his life. Misers produce the similar results, and die of penury. In America I never knew a poor man to perish, while in Rhode Island, wealthy men died of imaginary poverty. I saw one fellow up town on two canes, I felt this to be a sarcasm on the well: but it is probably nothing more. I asked several if the waters were really efficacious they all said yes. One added, but they never do the townsfolk any good. Wells may be like Prophets, and faith is necessary to every thing, picky up sticks,

Even, The Hypochondriac who does not believe (or
he can walk, cannot - I believe it cannot be
shown that mere want of faith is not his entire
disease. Below the spring is a plunging bath and
below that a large stone pool for swimming,
near 80 feet long. In this I dove headlong and
would have rebounded had the shock proved
reactive as the sensation. I had not since
doubted the water may very possibly cure
many complaints, with a little hope to help.
I thought of nothing but the North Pole and camp.
In a minute however I could not tell whether
it was hot or cold that made me shake so,
a most novel sensation certainly took possession.
I've not been fairly warm since, though the day has
been remarkably bright. The region is lead away
from the Holy well to Bangor, but the water is said
to gush from some stone below. There are famous
mines in these districts, I forgot to mention that on
my walk to Eton Hall, I saw on a lone hill in the
distance Beeston Castle, battered by Cromwell. This
man has been traditionally at least, at almost
every fortified place or castle I have visited, south
of Liverpool. He must have worked very hard
very like the Donkey I saw to day, a very little one
loaded with 1200 lb of coal, going up a hill very
roughly paved. But Cromwell's mistakes were good
lessons for kings. People begin to talk Welsh at
Chester and do not stop at Bangor. In the rail
carriages it is the language, but all I have tried
readily reply when spoken English to. There are several
chemical works at ~~Holywell~~, and they are frequent
along the line. One who had been obliged to leave
Newton (near Warrington) for poisoning the grass of
the neighbourhood, has pitched his bricks on
the shore of the Dee sands, and is creating com-
plaints there too. I asked at Holywell if some
laburnum, before us, had bloomed, was told there was
too much smoke. A copper works, & lead too, were
near. On getting to mouth of Dee, the corner
of Liverpool appeared, I counted 60 sail. Rhyf
is a watering place of considerable note. A
most lovely valley divides the hills along the valley

of the stream behind it., in which a castle is (I
saw not far off: "Castle Rhylan" very soon we
pass the "Castle of Brill" ^{or "Fleetham" or something} hanging with 50 beautiful
towers on a bank by the sea, and one of the
most striking I have seen. It appears to be
new, ^{belonging to a Mr. Hesketh} ~~belonging to a Mr. Hesketh~~ M.P. Then
comes the town of Conway, its castellated
walls entire, its ancient enormous castle
all grouped amid surrounding cliffs of rock
a wonder by the sea, here just turned a little
point into a pretty, placid, little bay. A
most picturesque place, I remember none
more so. Here I first saw plenty of Pink
Fox gloves in full flower amid the rocks that
made the perpendicular walls left by ~~blasting~~
for the rail track. Anglesea had been some
time in sight, now we saw Beaumaris, where
is ~~the~~ ^{in ruins} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~castle~~ ^{the castle}. For miles to the wide
flat shore was now and then enlivened by persons, dig-
ging cockles from the sand. ^{opposite} Beaumaris
another ^{Pemhryn} new castle with many towers, belonging to
a Mr. ^{Pennant} ~~Castle~~ M.P. I saw on a cliff near to
Barmouth Castle, a new Castle (this morning) said
to be remarkably fine, opened and shown last
summer, this too belongs to an M.P.
A man in Manchester told me yesterday, a friend
of his had just received an order from New Zealand
for 50 men and 200 women, and had only 2 weeks
to fill it in. So easily are emigrants procured to
be procured here. I see in every town great
"Porters" with advertisements of vessels for Australia
and America, offering passages to emigrants.
Holywell spring is always at the same temperature, a
very low one. We passed Abergele, another watering
place on the coast. For several miles back the hills
were often semimountains, and gorges very fine.
The declivities rich and beautiful all along
the coast, Bangor has about 10 thousand people and
a Key makes a harbor where are vessels that come
to states, some 50 are in port. This trade is a main

support of the place. The old cathedral here is a (8 long, low, broad, squat clumsy concern, without that square tower to match. It does not annoy the town with its bells however, and I found the doors as tight as the Bank of England. By the way ~~at~~ in anticipation of the great chartist demonstration in London a few years ago, the Bank was encased in sand bags. Against that affair (that passed off as harmlessly as it professed intending to do) more than 100,000 names were enrolled in London as especial constables. So unaccustomed were the British to hear the popular voice it was taken for granted it must thunder and descend in destruction on the city, unless met with sufficient force to overawe it. It is probable the danger was greatly increased by this precaution.

Holly Head 6 mo 13th

I am only 25 miles by Rail from Bangor at a quiet inn to look upon the harbour, which is now chiefly a mud flat (low tide) where steamers of a thousand tons lie as dry as the ark on Ararat. I took a "trap" 6 miles from Bangor to the famous Slate Quarries at Penryn, where 2800 men and boys are employed, who get out about 100,000 Tons of Slate annually (that go on a little rail by Ince to the docks at Bangor) and earn from 30/ to 40/ per week, the men, and the boys 3 to 5 £ per month. I suppose the waste is three times the net product of slate. The breast or front of the quarry presents a working face of about 1000 feet perpendicular height & the mountain having been worked upon from the back until it has assumed the form of a cone penetration. The dotted line indicates the original form. The steps are at the level of clearance of the slate, each step being about 60 feet high. The slate lies nearly perpendicular, and the steps are some 20 feet wide horizontally, thus making a ledge for the men to work upon - on each of these is a tram way by which the slate is carried away from the blasting (for it is all blown with powder) to shed where the slates are rived out in form for use, with chisels that act as wedges. The slate looks as solid as



granite, and is blown to pieces until it is (I
small enough to handle, masses of 10 to 100 tons
are blown out the mountain and then reduced
by little blasts, to such masses as can be spun
with the chisel. The largest slates are called
Lleueng, There are duetcheper, Prewessed, Ladurk.
The best are blue, but Purple and green are also
produced. The latter used very much in church &
fancy roofs. The men work 10 hours per day, and on
Saturdays only half a day. Their town looks comfortable
and some of the houses very nice. Several were
glorious with various rose vines to the eves in
full flower. Very few of these people keep cows.
In want of land I heard. much of the surrounding
country is in wood, and the whole 6 miles out
there afford a beautiful ride, with the
Welsh mountains in full view not far off.
The papered Penryn Castle, the residence of
Mr Pennant the proprietor of these mines.
This prince of slates (for this is probably the largest
quarry in the world) was formerly Col. Douglass of
Scotland and married two wives, one was a daughter
of the Duke of Gordon, another Miss Pennant.
with whom he got this quarry and took her name.
He built the Castle on the site of a very ancient
one. An old name is considered a fair exchange
for a new future. I took train from Bangor 2
miles to Britannia Tubular bridge, where I took a
boat down the Menai Strait 2 miles to Plas Newydd
a residence of the Marquis of Anglesea, imm
ediately on the water. A very plain large house
of stone with a nice park. The attraction is the
Great Cromlech (the last syllable is introverted
in pronunciation, in a manner impracticable
to a foreigner) which stands in the park, near
the house. I send some grass, growing on the large
rock that rests on the shore. I think 40 tons in
weight. It is highly interesting, but the weather
was no longer there to give it its due effect, as
at Salisbury Plain or the Isle of Orkney. Seven
boys got into the boat with me, at tubular bridge.

all very quiet and respectful, and one a (10)
great wit, to be, I have no doubt; about 9
years old, a little terrier that I caressed
by the way, and stopped his shivering by keeping
him under my shawl, made all very again
when I left him on the shore. The most beautiful
puppy I have seen in many a day. Plas
Newydd is held for years past by Lady Willoughby
(now at Strawberry Hill) and has a good view of
the ^{of the tubular bridge} Welsh Mountains, among them very con-
spicuous, "Cloud Capped Snowden" but today
without a cloud. Just above Plas Newydd
and very near the tubular bridge, close by the
straight, is the residence of the Marquis of
Lord Clarence Paget - Simply an elegant resi-
dence for a gentleman; very neat, very simple,
and not large. Just in the rear of it, on a rocky
height is a very good column to the Marquis who
appears to have thought it great good luck to have
lost his leg at Waterloo. If I mistake not a
monument to the event stands on the fields
On a pedestal at Britannia Bridge is ~~the~~ a
fragment of the Hydraulic press, which was burst
in raising one of the tubes to its place in the bridge.
The cast Iron thus broken, is represented by sup-
porting a cast Iron bottle one foot in the knop
of sides and bottom to have the latter forced out
by driving in a cork. It seems impossible that
mere mechanical power could have produced
such a result by steady pressure. Fortunately the
precaution of blocking the tube prevented its fall
and destruction, on the occasion. This bridge
rests on ~~four~~ three pillars and two abutments and
looks as stiff as ~~one~~ one would suppose it required
to be, to sustain a loaded train. I happened to
be in a boat nearly under the bridge when a train
passed through. The roar was that of deep thunder.
There are two tracks, and each in an entirely separate
and distinct tube. The tide runs very swiftly
here and rises about 25 feet. Four of the five
stone supports stand on the land, and fortunately

an Island rock occurs nearly in the middle (11
of the straight a solid foundation for the, other -
This one is a little higher than the other, and
reaches 230 feet. They are about 60 feet by 30 in
size. There are two Lions at each end of the bridge,
on huge pedestals of masonry - These animals
are Crouchant, in repose, and are each 25½
feet long, and 12½ high at the head, yet they
do not look very large. They are in several pieces
and very tolerably well done. I never saw any thing
like the Marble lions at ~~Harwich~~^{Chatham} Castle, one of
them sleeping, copies I think. This bridge is fully
100 feet above the water - it is 1512 feet long. (English
 reckon more by yard than we do. A shot tower yesterday
was "80 yds high." Each tube is 14 ft 8 inches wide, and
23 feet ~~wide~~ high at the end, but arching in the top
to make them 30 feet high in the middle. The
principle of the bridge, is such as to suspend the
rail track by the strength of the top above, in
a great degree, though the lower flange is very
strong - The sides of the tubes are the means
of suspension, of course. The longest span is
450 feet - There are 2 millions of Rivets used,
10,000 Tons of wrought Iron are used, and it is said
as much more of cast. The latter I doubt. The
bridge cost the immense sum of one million pounds
sterling, or 2000 £ per yard in length. I am convinced
one half the money would build it. Upon going under
the bridge I found about 1/3 of this immensely expensive
tube was over dry ground, where embankment or
arches could be built as well as any where else.
Shakespeare says "Why build the bridge under than
the flood" Mr Stephenson, or Mr Green, one
would think might have remembered this. On
coming to the station house, from my inspection
underneath, I asked the master, a very intelligent
man, why the tube was built where arches could
have supplied its place at such reduction of cost.
"The company have asked the same question"
said he, since the completion. He appeared to
think it a mere oversight in the Engineers.
Walking about a mile and a half toward Bangor, along
the cliffs I came to the Ellenai Bridge. The Suspension
or chain bridge built 30 years ago. I never saw an

uply wire bridge, but this is less graceful than (12)
they generally are. It is $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile long, but not
much over half of this space is suspension,
the ends being on regular arches. The scenery
of this straight is very fine, with the mountains
in the distance. It is not unlike Hurl Gate
and its vicinity but not nearly so perfect
or varied - leaving the mountain range out
the question. I had the view from the chain
bridge and also from the elevated roof of the
tubular - This roof is some feet above the Iron
one of the tubes, and is designed for their protection.
The sides are kept well painted, and a ~~foam~~
that moves on wheels, that run along the roof, is
attached to each section of the bridge, which makes
a moving stage, from which the sides are painted.
About one half the clusters of Elders are white, in flower,
Uexilia Roza in full bloom, and some of the brown
is still gloriously beautiful. The Isle of Angelsea
after leaving the shore of the straight, is comparatively
a waste - much of its position so. One portion is
very like Rhode Island, South of State Hill, across
the Island then - The Island appears to have been
divided in three formerly - The Road creeping
two wide level flats, so low that dykes are used.
~~to the part~~ A small white flower covers the surface
of pools in these, and a sort of yellow lilly
abounds amidst the grass, as does the little blue
flag in our moist grounds in *Starragant*.
Sea Crows (moon hens here) are in the pools as
usual, and in two or three fields there appeared
to be hundreds of rabbits - Heather and forse in
some parts, and in others the sand appeared to
emerge as on Prudence Island with us, very
further over - comparatively. A blue Crane
(*Heuron*) only ran as the train passed close to him.
The Peat flowers were very thick in some spots,
and purely white, shorter stalks than ours, very
pretty in contrast with the grass. I saw one Druid
Stone by the track - The sunset to night was fine,
for England, I see the name of Pount is on

Anglesea too, it appears to be more general (13
than any other I have noticed. The fur hat
the appreciation of that worn by men, is worn
by the women here, as in South Wales.
The Penryn Slate Quarry has been worked
from the days of Elizabeth. There is a slide or
lap, left in the bridge at each end so that the
expansion and contraction of this 504 yard
of continuous Iron may freely exert itself.
There is also a scale by which its action may
be measured - I do not know but probably
a temperature of about 30° is considered the point
at which the iron is supposed to be in its normal
state as respects tension. It does not perceptibly
vary sometimes for many weeks. In extreme
heat it has been known to expand 5 inches, or
about one inch to 300 feet - the greatest contraction
ever indicated has been $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I think
however that the tubes being made of Iron staves
as it were, there should probably be some allow-
ance made for the joints, if this be the case
the real variation would be greater than in-
dicated. Such is the mildness of winter in
England, that a water pipe of Iron, large or
small appears to be considered perfectly safe
from bursting by frost, however exposed, (on
mountains excepted) if they be wrapped in
a rope of straw one inch in diameter. Six
inches of such would scarcely protect it in some
of our winters. The next wonder is a mammoth
loaf of bread, and excellent too that was laid
for tea to night, a Two shilling loaf of home
made, about 9 inches square and 18 or 19 long.
It would make a good sized Backlog, at the
bridge I am told very few fish were in the straight
and then very poor - "dry as a cork" This must be
the "dry as a fish" - A seal, one seal, that has come
in lately is accused of increasing the scarcity
materially. There is a monument on the rocks
opposite my hotel to Captain Skinner, lost some years
ago with his mate, swept by a sea from the Deck

of the Irish mail steamer. The old dock here (14
protected by a nice stone pier ^{a little over} 1000 feet long,
a heavy work. From the head of this is a good view
of the Welsh mountains - An ancient looking
tower stand ^{on an island rock} near the shore not far off, and
another one, not many hundred yards off on the
barren rocky fields above. At this pier lie
several good steamers that run to, Kingston
5 miles below Dublin. The mail goes (64 miles)
twice per day, in 4 hours and 40 minutes. Larger
ones are being constructed to go in 3 hours and
bring Dublin and London within 10 hours.
I have seen no cherries yet half grown, though they
must be ripe, or nearly so, about Philadelphia. There
are varieties of Butter cups, one sort with the
same glossy petal as the others, quite an inch
in diameter. The wild flowers are very various
as well as numerous. I ~~had~~ had not felt, at
any time since my arrival, so sensibly stronger
and better in health than during the last ten days,
but I believe St. Winifred has given me a cold.
I believe holy things never did agree with me.
If I ever see the saint, I shall surely have some
queries to offer.

14th, when I passed Holyhead in the Asia nearly
eleven months ago, I was amazed at its richness of
colour, and clearly defined, sharp outline, and then
felt as if I must go to its summit some day. I
did ~~do~~ this afternoon - In covering of heather, ac-
counts for its richness and its rock for the outline.
I sent some blue flowers from the apex, whence
I had a fine view of the Mountains of Wales (Car
narrowhin, South to Bardsey Island distinctly.
I counted ~~79~~ 79 sail, one of them a steamer
and 9 were ships. The rest small schooners, sloops
and some brigs. I am told to see so many is quite
unusual. A great deal of Anglesea generally
rather flat, lay before me. This nob of Holyhead
500 feet high is cut off as it were from the other land
by a low swail exactly similar to that which

separates the Bateman farm on the ~~East~~ farm (15)
the rocks on the East of it, which we on the drive
to that farm. The rocks too on the east side of
that swale are remarkably like those on the
East side of this. Preen, Neck, and Rocky farm
scenes are all about here in that neighborhood
and cattle hill too. Here however the rocks are
~~more~~ enriched and more or less covered by heather.
The day was very fine and my six hours passed
very rapidly. The telegraph station that reports
reports to Liverpool &c, was about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile off
and much lower, and the quarry whence the
stone are being procured for the breakwater for
the new harbor, just below that again.
This wonderful work which is not yet half completed
has employed already from one thousand to two
thousand men for 9 years. I could not learn how
long it is, or if it is to go farther, but I made it
7260 feet long, and must average 300 feet wide
at bottom - The water at low tide is from 5 to 8
fathoms deep - And the spring tides rise 20 feet
more (mean tides are 15 to 18 feet) and of course it
must be built with reference to the highest
water, a heavy sea runs here in stormy weather,
though probably not equal to that of our coast.
Over the whole length and most of the width of this stone
work is a trestle work of heavy timber (reaching
to the bottom), supporting several rail tracks each
7 feet wide, (at the last 1200 feet of the outer end
5 with width ~~enough~~ enough for 15 more) of
sufficient strength to bear long trains of trucks
loaded with from 10 to 15 tons of stone on each
truck. The heaviest train I ever saw. This
trestle work is nearly 200 feet wide. In the
center of this stone heap is a wall, being
built as a kind of Back bone to the work
running its entire length, from which the
work when completed will slope on each side.
This wall is about 30 feet wide at bottom, nearly
the same at top. It is founded on a bed of stone
thrown promiscuously in, but at a depth below

below the surface sufficient, it is deemed, 16
to be out of the power of the waves of the sur-
face, or near it. Some of it is finished, but I
should think it must be 50 feet high when
completed, though little or none of it will be
visible at that period. The section I give below
will probably explain it. This wall is laid in
cement and is made of the rough rock,
as they are blown from the mountain
quarry, whence they are brought, less than a
mile by the rail for the purpose. The rocks in
this wall are from one to 12 tons in weight.
Every car load of stone is weighed on its way
from the quarry. It may seem a very extraor-
dinary estimate, but I am satisfied that
all the Point Judith shore rocks, between the
Prairie and Seagull, that lie above high
water and East of the Greenwood on the bank,
would not suffice to build this work.
I will also show in the "River Rocks" ~~for~~
"Chockin on it off," ~~with~~ ^{toward} of J. Adams
could be ground up into hydraulic cement
and lime, I think it would fail to supply
the quantity that will be used in the mas-
onry here, and a very considerable forest
of heavy timber would be required to fasten
with the turtle work, which is the most
scaffolding necessary to the very commence-
ment of this work. I notice the fine rubbish of the
quarry is brought down too so that all the intricacies
are filled of the work that is not masonry. The work
when finished is to be surmounted in its whole length
by an arched way in which persons or goods may
be always dry. It is now proposed to run the ^{first}
Eastern from this point. Every thing is moved with
steam, immense frames over the work are so
constructed that every big stone can be handled &
laid with the greatest facility. I should add
about 700 feet to the 7260 feet, for the space



although high and low water, when the work (17)
is very wide, though of course not so deep as the
rest. In the entire length of this long walk
could I see one single fish or crab, although
the water were clear and untroubled, and the
place such as I should suppose highly favour-
able to their habits. It was flood tide too. I
will be disappointed if I should ever walk
the length of Naragansett Pier in summer
without seeing fish, and often tens of thousands,
and not count minnows either. This wharf
is not less than 180 or 200 feet wide at high water
mark, but much of it is not yet so high. The house
of the resident engineer stands on the shore
close by and is the only respectable looking one
in this town of 7000 people. It is a mile from
it however, and was built expressly for him
at a cost of not less than \$5000. I should
think, a very nice house and pretty flower
garden & grass plots. But do not give him
excepting behind a wall or hill, no better
than about the Kewale near Point Judith.
light. I went up to the quarry, which is simply
an assault upon the mountain of Hollyhead
that thus far has proved very successful, though
the rock is very solid nearly seamless, apparently,
and very hard and obstinate to work. It is
white and looks very like the material of the Mor-
mon temple at Nauvoo. A blast was made
on one end of the quarry about 3 weeks ago
which produced 20,000 tons of fragments. A very
small result too, I should think, for the labour
and powder expended. The blast was one year
preparing and was charged with 18000 lbs of Powder.
I intended to have been here to see the explosion
but was unexpectedly prevented. I am told, however,
that the people were much disappointed. There
a mere rumbling noise, and no great puff
after all. These great blasts are prepared by cutting

horizontal galleries several of which I saw 18
in place - They are about 4 or 5 ft high & 3 or 4
feet wide, penetrating some 30 or 50 feet into
the rock. Some say 60 feet. The quarry has sev-
eral fans. The rail way comes from the Pic
and divides in branches to each, going to
a central point, from ^{each of these centres} ~~whence~~ radiate ~~as~~
many as 30 rail ways that go to every part of the
face of the quarry. I counted 40 powerful
cranes (and there are probably as many more on the
work at the Pic) each of which is on 4 wheels
and runs on these radiating rail ways, bringing
the great masses of rock in its arms to the com-
mon centres where the cars receive them
and proceed to 'the pier', a very complete arrange-
ment which renders it unnecessary to move any
stone 'than by machinery or drag it betwixt
the point ~~where~~ it originates at the quarry and
the car that is to receive it for its final des-
tination. The diagram below represents the fan



and a centre, the nail ways dis-
viding and subdividing as the dis-
tance from the centre increases.
I found plenty in this isolated town
who who could only say "I cannot
speak English" and on going into a mud odd
and very ancient little church I found the
service was going on in Hebrew, as far as I could
see, it was just as good as the Latin. The day has
been calm and very hot here. I consider it very fine, though little busy.
Carnarvon

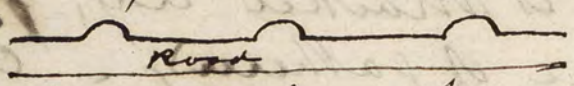
I took train at 8.20 to Baryon 25 miles thence
after waiting half an hour, another 9 miles to
this place by 10:4 P. M. but very light at that
hour. I am at the Castle Inn, close by the far
famed old Camarvon Castle. The town is
very old fashioned and has about 10,000 folks
An American tourist was in the carriage from Holly
Head - we had considerable talk but I did not learn
where he was from. I should think not a hundred
miles from Dutchess Co. or something like it.
There was a lot of young Irishmen on the train just from the

emerald Isle, to help get in the 1749 crop, but I have
seen no snowing yet, save in little patches. I remem-
ber well, when snows were much in the habit of go-
ing from Nanjarrutt to Rhode Island, for the same
purpose, when higher wages were paid, than on the main.
I believe the practice still continues in a very limited
degree - Mammuth loaves seem to be the fashion here
too, but no one will quarrel with Welch bread and
butter, whatever he may do with his own.

Carnarvon has a little creek for a harbour where are
several vessels and the quays much occupied with slates.
The Llanberis quarries being not far off, and others too.
The Castle is said to cover 3 acres of ground. It is
very famous, but although it is in very good keeping
(walls are very thick of cut stone) and a fine affair
it does not strike me, perhaps because the town is
built close about it. Here the prince was born
(in one of the lower rooms, as shown) who was promised
by Edward to the Welch for a native born king to rule
over them. I smelt some ivy to from the walls. There
are more "Owen Jones" in North Wales, on signs, by far
fold, than I ever saw of John Smith in any region. The
name is actually almost constantly before me in some of
the towns.

Stoke on Trent 6 mo. 15th 57
Winter appears to have set in 6 weeks earlier than it
did last year in Scotland. There I commenced fire
at evening about the 6th of August, but here I have
one to night. The day, though bright, has been the roughest
I ever experienced in June. I thought it was merely
the boisterous and cold climate of the mountains of Wales
but here I am on the far famed Trent, that poets have
so sweetly sung, and it is as winter. I rode on top of a
coach from Carnarvon through the pass of Llanberis, by
the way of Conway Swallow Falls, Conway fall, the
fall of Ponty cydd, Cowen and Llangollen, but as
often Llangollen, on the beautiful Dee along which the
celebrated vale of Llangollen lies for 15 miles, certainly
as lovely a valley as earth is blessed with. But we hold
our little pitchers alike under a Niagara or a much
littler rill, the result is about the same, it is filled
instantly to overflowing in either case. These beautiful
scenes fill our capacities but they are no means
and hence the vanity of comparisons. Nevertheless
Nature has done as much there as she has at Chatsworth
Llangollen is in Merionethshire, pronounced Merry-
on - th - shire, accent upon the on, as in upon.

The Blangollen Iron works as we hear them called 20
in America, are the Cefen Iron works, called here
Ca-fen. They are on a high hill side ~~at~~ three
miles from the end of the vale, a large concern.
Sir Watkins Williams has a fine and very large
house and nice Park near them, and just
below is a high long viaduct in which a canal
crosses the vale, and near it another beautiful
one on which the rail ~~passes~~ it, a fine & great work.
I saw white water lilies in the Pass like ours in leaf
and flower, and plenty of fine wild sweet briar in bloom.
In this pass is the Slate quarry on the side of a pretty lake
that has mountains at one end and very like Scotch
Scenery - we passed another small lake or pond at
Capel Curig and saw one in a pass leading to vale
of Beddgelert, or Bethesda, which we could nearly see,
it being only 7 miles off, and famously fine. These 3
lakes and one I saw when before in Wales, comprise
every thing of the sort I have seen since leaving
Windsor - England seems to be without them, though
it abounds in streams. On this Loch also is a round
Castle "Dolpadden" or some other inconceivable Welch
Combination of letters, that always embrace more
G's than wherefore. The blasts in the Slate Quarries
were reverberating among the mountains as we
passed - The practice is to blow a horn, calling all
the miners to safety, to fire the blasts, once an hour.
They have not frightened all the hawks away though.
I saw 3 to day, one of very good size. But I see none
with equal spread of wing to our largest. A little
copper mine ~~was~~ is near the slate quarry. They
make the ~~stuntz~~ metal (a sort of brass) at Holy
well, which has been long displacing the copper
sheathing for ships. Said to be as durable at a lower
price. We crested the foot of Snowden "Snow-din"
its peak is surrounded by ^{3 or 4} others of nearly as high,
and the group presents a very grand & beautiful
spectacle. Heather is often seen, and a poor looking
Peat is dug for fuel among these ~~tooth~~ mountains
and Stone wall is the fence. Like other undesirable
portions of Britain, this is sparsely inhabited exceptly
in the lower regions of the valleys. The Pass of Llan
beris is considered fine, but tame compared with many I

have seen in Scotland, which I suppose will ^{too} (21)
in their turn become quite domesticated, after
I shall have seen Norway and Switzerland.
Much of our route was over the old mail route of 100
miles from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, the great route to
Ireland, before railways opened others. This turnpike
is still a fine road, ~~sealed~~ ^{finest} the entire length, with a
good double wall ^{laid in mortar}. On the
North side of the road the wall in 8 or 10 instances
to the mile, makes a curve of 15 feet or so into the
field.  These recesses are for the stone
crackers to work in, where they are protected from the North
winds by the wall, and have a place to keep broken stone
as it is wanted to repair the way - This is a very com-
mon provision in Britain. We passed a great deal
of fine Larch planting in the aggregate, though there
are no extensive forests. Oaks, ash, Birch, &c. abound also.
The clearance of the Mountain Forests is a great treat
after the lowland streams. ~~At~~ The coach to day was the
fast of the season on this, a summer route (we met
several pedestrian tourists) only, and being a little
behind time we drove the last 10 miles to the Rail
Station in ~~45~~ ⁵⁰ minutes. The coach is drawn
by 4 horses, and pays 2/- at each pike gate, and there
occur once in 6 miles. I passed a gate near Ban-
gna a few days ago when the toll for a one horse vehi-
cle was 1/- I understand the 4 horse coaches get through
it by compromise for 3/- At Corwen we come to the
Dee, a lovely stream on a gravelly bed here, where
also commences the unspeakable vale of Lluydollen.
in 3 miles we come to a wide barrow covered with
scotch pines to protect and mark it as the reputed
site of the residence of "Owen Glendower" about
a mile further on is another barrow planted in a
similar manner. We soon pass the ruins Vale
Crucis Abby, near which lived Lady Eleanor Butler
and Honble Miss Ponsonby to prove that contentment
and quiet are better than glitter and bustle.
Relatives of theirs still live there, just below it is
the grand ruin of Dinas Bran ("Dinas") castle.
Grand from its position on a peak very like our
Sugar loaf hill but 20 times as high - Behind it is
a vast range of terraces in limestone, a mountain
of Palisades - a very imposing spectacle. At foot of Dinas

Man, or rather the mountain it crowns, lies the 22
town of Llangollen, on Banks of Dee, with about 3000 people.
Five miles off is the Rail which I took 29 miles to Shrewsbury.
The old castle there is rented and occupied as a dwelling by
a banker, though the jail and station are at its base.
On a high brow overlooking a stream 3 miles off stands
an old double towered castle, like, but I could not
learn what it was. The annual fair out of London
men according to very old custom, took place to day
and the town was full of people from all directions.
at half the town I stop at, it is market day, fair day,
or some other holiday or cause of gathering. Cheap
excursion trains appear to be universally provided for
such occasions. A woman who had on her stand
some bushels of remarkably large & fine looking filberts
was crying with a loud voice, "Filberts from Meriky,
nothing like 'em in the world." As we were waiting
at the fine station in the train there, a herald came
through crying "take care of your Pockets" - He was an
employee of the company. This is the first instance I have
witnessed of the kind, though posters to the same effect
are usual here as with us. The road passed a region
thick with coal mines for a short distance, but there
were only on one side the rail, as if the coal field had
come to a very sudden ending. I presume, however,
proprietaryship is the cause of such appearance.
We were soon in Stafford where I took train 16 miles
to this place, having moved 128 miles to day. I passed a
town of New Port in Shropshire, before coming to Stafford.
There are several New Ports in England & Wales. The passed near
the end of the famous vale of Clydd, called Clu-id. The
several falls I mentioned above are pretty enough, fine clear
water broken into fretted silver. I notice lately that
many porting carriages bear the names of female proprie-
tors. That sex do much more business in this country
than in ours. I have noticed no apple orchards for
several days, nor of pears, but Plum trees are plenty.
I think in the flat land as a rule, apple trees do not
abound, or thrive well, in this climate. I notice in the
train the name of Piggon, also of Walskater. I see the fires
gleaming from all directions through the night from my
windows. The whole earth here seems to be "going to Pot".
The world here was not made for Caesar, but for Crockery,
and trees grow for crates to pack it in. Tea cups and
sugar bowls are the final destiny of the soil. These folks
live on - Mention great establishment is here also, for man-
tile tiles. It is pretty to see them make the clay into the

various articles - cups &c are formed, then divided in a 23
hot room so that they can be cut into proper shape with
the ornamental beads rolls &c by machinery - they are put into
stone ware jars as big as bushel measure, and these are put
into great brick things of form and size of the cones we see
at glass works for the furnace & melting there, and baked to
proper hardness. The whole neighbourhood glows with these
furnaces, and large towns flourish in them like
salamanders. The North Staffordshire and Potteries
Rail way, has a line within 10 miles on each side
of it, such is the activity and importance of
this branch of industry. On the carriages we see
the "Staffordshire Knot" which I suppose
refers to a mode of testing good iron by bending it
into this form when in a cold state - a sentimental
but I have seen such knots exhibited as samples
in America. I observe it is a very common thing
for respectable looking people to use a pocket flask in
the rail carriages and not unfrequently women por-
tokes. I have seen no excep, however, on such occasions
a cold bunch is very often taken at the same time
but oftener without liquor. There seems to be very
little of the fear of imputation of economy, which
would foolishly deter most of us from doing the
same thing in Carriages in American cars.

Stockport 6 mo 16th

I went to Alton from Stoke, 28 miles to see Alton
Tower the seat of the Talbot, Earls of Shrewsbury
It is a very fine place and appears to stand
as such next to Chatsworth. I think however
that while Chatsworth is surprising this is only
pleasing - It has however cosy and comfort-
able home like aspect, all embowed in trees, which
the other has not, a sort of Palatial Cottage, of
large dimensions and with many towers.
The gardens lie in a sort of Punch bowl, of several
acres in the terraced and sloping sides. A fine
fountain in the bottom, with ~~several~~ others on the
upper terraces. This place was redeemed from
a mere waste by Charles Earl of Shrewsbury
who died 50 years ago - Upon a Canopied pedestal
in the garden is a terminal bust of him - on the
pedestal is "He made the desert smile" I
should be glad to see added and not countess
thousands more. This line from Meres would
thus put more fully to shame some tenths of the
monuments of England. There are groves of Rhod-

24
do dendrons in flower - I saw a cut leaved
or Fern leaved Beech, some call it Fern leaved
oak, which I think is the same as the mystery
in the yard, by the gate, of Red wood library, and
not the English Hornbeam, as I at one time
believed. Very many American trees are in
the extensive plantings. In one part the trees
are named, among these I saw "Pinus Rigida"
"Pitch Pine New England" I saw a few leaves.
On chewing I found them almost flavourless, though
the tree looks healthy. The white or silver pine is
numerous. Spanish Chestnuts are just in small
young flower - The broom is still very beautiful
by the road sides, and some goose ~~has~~ flowers.

The country to Uxeter 16 miles is flat with
plenty of rather stunted trees in the hedge rows.
Land looks rather poor, ~~but~~ some fields red with
sorels. About Alton the hills are sharp, with
~~low~~ narrow valleys, outcroppings of rock, pictur-
esque, and similar to Chatsworth scenery on a
cramped scale. In one of the waters of the ground I
saw very large water lilies, leaf and flower, like
our own. The old town of Alton is just outside the
Park. Then I saw an Inn "The Staffordshire Knot"
and the sign accordingly painted accordingly
Here on a perpendicular cliff of Rock 100 feet above the
Rail station, is ~~all~~ that remains of the ancient castle,
but most romantically fixed on the very verge is
a new Monastery of antique character, a nursery
a school and a crop, Priests house cloisters &c, all
built by the successor of the founder of the gardens &
Park and new mansion. All very handsome, but a
portion unfinished. The young Earl who died only
6 months ago (23 years of age) of consumption having
been too feeble to go on with the work. He gave
though 15,000 £ toward a church in Shrewsbury in
fulfilment of a promise of it made by the late
Earl. I hear high testimony of all the 3 late Earls.
They are rigid Catholics, and not one of the last
16 Earls has been in the direct line. All dying with
out sons, save one. His son was a Priest and de-
clined the title and estate. So a Catholic told me.
The Earl just dead willed the property to the Duke of Nor-
folk, who I am told considers it a misfortune. It is said
he was made heir to preserve the estate in a Catholic
family. The estate is worth 40,000 £ a year, I am told.

Like a village pig by curio, the tithe is now being (25
suggested by several sections who claim to be descended
exactly in the straight line from another brother
of some one who died 300 years ago - but who I believe
are not of the same Church with the Duke of Norfolk.
The contest I believe is to soon come before the House of
Peers. In the mean time all the personal property
is to be sold at auction - furniture, Pictures, silver,
every thing. I came through Staffordshire to day
a large dingy place full of silk weavers. The
Country from Alton here smooth in (through Staffordshire
& Cheshire) is quite interesting and more the like so that
I saw a good deal of country no greener than Nar-
ragansett and much like it without its bolders.
Some parts very similar indeed to the openings in
the woody districts of Richmond town &c. I saw three
small fields being mown, and observed the crops to be
large, though the land did not otherwise appear to be
rich. Poor looking men often go full of money.
Hedges are the fences. In Anglesia they were generally
dirt dykes with or without hedges on them. Within 30
miles of each other on this line of rail are two Chea-
dles, and between them, Cheddleton. I noticed
like near Frogall, but we have all heard of
Frogmore, and that beats all. - The great tower
of the residence of "Leigh" of Lyme Park, I saw at
a distance, looking as if it were a part of a great
old castle. Quite a Peat moor is close to Macclesfield
and very much deep, although coals retail at 4s 6d
per 112 lbs and 5d for the very best. The English when
oaks are cut universally peel the bark, this is very often
done, perhaps generally, at this season at least it is, before
selling them. As forests are generally thinned out here,
cut by selection of trees only, the effect of these is sin-
gular. The branches are pulled too but these are cut
off first, so that often trees are seen without bark,
but with a little tuft of top left that is as green
as ever. Stokeport is a cotton spinning town with
140,000 people. Did not remain long, even
Haddon Hall, either that or some other castle I
have recently visited was their residence at one
time. A stream passes through Charvet valley by
Alton Towers, but it is very foul and a paper mill
is on it near the Park gates. Stoke upon Trent

is surrounded by towns, they pay 7 miles, in fact 24
admirals of Stoke, and in the same manufactory.
In these manufacturing towns districts the
towns run very much into one another,
just as Wakefield ^{and} Rotherham, only
here there are at least 50 to 200 times as big.
This Stockport has 140,000 people and much of
the town looks new - Full smoke stacks are almost
as thick as masts in a port. One mill I noticed
8 stories high. Every thing brick. Manchester looks
old and shabby - just this side of it a fight occurred
in the cars betwixt what looked like a very stout
weaver of 50, and apparently a small farmer of
60, and although he was not $\frac{2}{3}$ weight of the
opailant weaver, he whipped him in one
minute. The worst of it was when the weaver
gave in like a man as the phre was on
the part of the company, the victor would
not altogether stop. I tried in vain to get
him to his seat, but the fellow had gotten
so wrothy he could apparently hear no one.
The company did not appear disturbed
by the contest, the fellows were in a portion of
the car by themselves. In consequence however
of several blows given after vanquished
sawd several times I gave in and had even
taken his seat. Papermen called the guard
at the first station, which was very close at hand,
and had the conqueror put out to get along
as he best could - The guard asked the name
and residence of the vanquished. I don't think
any body was much hurt, but this experience is
to entirely exceptional to all I have before seen
I take notice of it, and its reception by others.
The papermen were generally respectable people
~~apparently~~, and several, evidently disgusted
with the fellow's submissiveness, asked him why
he did not stand up and fight. This query
he appeared unprepared to answer. Had he
possessed any moral I think he would have
flogged the other easily. In that case however

he would have very likely escaped the fight at (27) together - He was a brutal looking fellow and one I had before marked as a probably a convict.

Harrogate June 17, 57
I have gotten along by Rail 73 miles to this the most famous of English watering places, inland for summer. It is very plainly but comfortably built of stone, and no two streets are together, scarcely, but it seems all about, everywhere, on a green common in a manner that is very pleasant. I am surprised however that there is not more planting. The race course is on one edge of the place, ~~but~~ looks so green on the track, I doubt if it is much used. There is a track around in England. I do not think the houses here indicate over 5000 persons, and most of them have "lodgings" hanging out of the window. There are a good many people here already, but at the George where I am, a large and most comfortable establishment, I have the entire affair to myself - I drank some of the Sulphur water at one of the Pump rooms (two of these are pretty buildings) that tastes as strong as one could imagine belge water to be. I saw on the space of about one acre, 17 wells (springs) most of them covered but entirely public - and said to be all of different properties. Steel and Magnesia are here. ^{There are many others about town.} The band I have heard for 5 hours this afternoon, is playing on its own account. I understood the Inn here do not engage them, as with us.

Harrogate stands on a high table, but not at its greatest elevation. This is a heather moor, partially planted with Scotch fir - where there are some groves, and I saw a beautiful hawk fleeing from a persecuting black bird. Lord Harwood has built on this height a very strong stone tower of about 40 feet altitude, where a woman chafes (ed) for the ascent. On the top are mounted on the parapet 6 large spy glasses or small telescopes, and a sundial also a map of 10 miles around Harrogate. The view is very extensive of a country perfectly strown with trees excepting on the south, where we see on the horizon probably 20 miles off a vast and elevated moor on which the sky line is broken only by a tower apparently; but a shooting box really. I could plainly see York minute with the unaided eye from heath below as well as from the tower, though 23 miles off. Also the

cathedral at Ripon, but far up distinctly, though (28
not over 10 miles off. The ruinous castle of Knare-
borough is close by, and not much further off we
see the residence and Park of Lord Storton.
Hauwood Lord Earl of Hauwood owns a large estate
but considered himself poor. He was very fond of hunting
and was caught by a sheep net, which so injured
him that he died, very lately. I passed his place
beluxt trees and seeds in the lovely vale of the Wharfe.
A constant succession of manufacturing towns to
day until we pass Otley in this vale of Wharfe.
All the streams are horrible. Greece gave one
stop, Yorkshire has an hundred. The canal
system of England and Scotland is very ex-
tensive, but they are narrow, and the locks look
like play things compared with ours. I have seen
several very heavy and high viaducts for rail-
ways over valleys the last two days. I passed one
tunnel to day, said to be the longest in England
we were 7 minutes in it. There is but one track
through and a pilot engine is always sent ahead
so that collision of two trains would be broken
by the intervention of four locomotives. By the
side of this tunnel is one through which a canal
passes, but it is so small that the men lie on their
backs and push their boats through with their heels
and occupy half a day in so doing, at least so
said a couple of very pleasing and intelligent
boys who were going from boarding school to 5 weeks
holiday at home. The both said they were fond of
school. This miracle of the 19th century is more
incredible to me than most of those of more an-
cient date. A boy fond of school!!! But boys now
a days are men to what they were in my youth
I have seen this a long time. If I should live an
hundred years I should become comparatively a
fool, though I should retain all my faculties.
Some of my friends doubtless think me smart en-
ough to do that in half the time. I have no doubt
a greater step has been taken in the last 20 years
in these respects than in any 200 before them.
This canal Tunnel was completed 45 years ago, and was
20 years making. They would bore it out with apple
drumplings, in less time than that now a days.
The country is wild about Boddensfield, and continues
Rocky for miles, in ledges, the fields are walled, and town
factories (chimneys even, often for the engines) Bridges &c are solid

Stone, bricks are supplanting. Huddersfield is (29)
a town of 34000, engaged in ~~wool~~ ^{wool} spinning worsted yarn,
~~there being scarcely any~~ manufacturing done there.
Sheffield is also in a beautiful country, and itself
appears to have more trees than houses, a wool manu-
facture there, some 6000 folks. Wakefield is also
in a pretty region, about 10 miles South of Leeds.
Here are 23000 people, spinning worsted yarn, there
being very little manufacturing (cloth making) done
there. Before coming to Leeds we pass large towns all in
woolens, some with fields whitened by blankets on the
tents or grass. We pass Bexborough Park, residence
of "Saville" Earl of Bexborough. The house large and
showy - and Park very handsome. This is an Irish
title and confers no peerage in this case, he is
not a member of the House of Lords. Leeds is on the
Ayr, where near 200000 people live in smoke. I
had no idea it was so entirely populated by the mills.
They are chiefly fine cloths, and flax, ^{and glass works}. I saw
a silk mill of St. Oluf's. The Marshall great es-
tablishment is here. I saw the house where Dove
Swind who murdered his wife and hung for it lately.
The valley of the Ayr is wide, hemmed in with
high rising, graceful, gradual slopes, and
in it close by the rail is the beautiful ruin of
Kirkstall abbey, in good preservation too, all the
^{main} features left, ~~excepting~~ ^{excepting} roof. A few miles brings
us to the valley of the Wharfe, not often scurped.
It is much wider than that of the Ayr. Here is
Otley - also the old Faulkner house, a very old
and reputable family, and Peter Guy is claimed
for them as a member of the same. ^{Here too is the}
Park (large & fine) and seat of ~~Harwood~~ ^{Sapelo} Earl of
Harwood (Harwood House) who owns 13 miles in
length of country there, reaching here to Harrogate.
The ruin of the old castle stands high, in the Park.
The manufacturing district appears to cease on the
North at Otley, for this region. I heard that farms
rented for 5 £ per acre beside taxes about Leeds, and
gardens for the poor or others at full 2/6 per acre Rod.
About Harrogate I hear Hay is worth 8d for 14th
or Stone. Farms for cattle 25/ per 2240 lb.
There is High Harrogate and Lower Harrogate. The
springs are in the latter, but visitors stop all over the place.

on one sign here I see "Somebody" "Baker and
 Bacon" (not Baking) "factor." Yesterday they say
 was a very rough day here. It has been pleasant
 to walk this afternoon, I do not think the place
 is particularly attractive. On the omnibus I sat
 next to a man who was ~~telling~~ giving me informa-
 tion respecting the neighbourhood. He soon re-
 marked that although he served apprenticeship
 here (then the place was of far less note) he had not
 lived in the country in 30 years. He is here on a
 visit to his old friends, but lives in Chicago.
 "Do you recommend to your young friends here to
 emigrate to America, from your own experience"
 said I. "I would not stay here myself" was his
 right answer, and Gorkheim's reply. During the
 two past days I have been struck with a marked
 change in the character of the people, as distinguished
 from more Southern England. No less real civility
 perhaps, but the coarseness which distinguishes that
 part of England is measurably wanting. I am
 satisfied however that this Northern portion is
 much in advance of the other, in many important
 points. It is evident to me that the governing
 power of the country must ever long be
 very sensibly felt to emanate in a high de-
 gree from the North. The Proximity to Scotland
 probably accounts for it in a measure. Besides
 here people live in masses - There is a small
 proportion of strictly rural population. The
 ablest papers by far in England that are
 much read, are North, not excepting the Times
 which I consider as base an affair as need be.
 That that is a drag and a disgrace to Britain.
 People here are more wide awake - more observing,
 one is half the time bothered to see, for they are thought-
 less enough to block the window very often, with
 their projected heads. Our rail way system
 has a very severe regulation against this
 nuisance in every bridge or house side, by the
 way. Reading newspapers here reminds one of the
 States - 5 of us in a carriage to day, all reading
 the papers, but myself. I met a man named
 Pickard, related to those of Leeds. I found him on a

bench out of town on the road side, where it seems
he often sits. He broke a leg years ago, and is here
for Rheumatism in it. has a brother in Montreal, an
ignorant man, but very kindly. He showed me
a bird nest on the ground with 6 young - That of
a "Peggy" - it looked like a Carolina wren in form,
but much smaller. This man had been so often to
the nest the old birds had no apprehension at our
approach. In reply to a question about ~~Darlings~~
he closed by asking if we had them in America.
I told him we used more mules, with a gravity,
that was difficult on my part to maintain,
he remarked "Aye, I had a mule, He broke my
leg right smartly - He would worry a man or
a dog ~~with~~ his mouth - Oh! he was a tyke -
I was obliged to get rid of him" I did not
ask if he was as candid with the purchase as
the Reverend Mr. Almy was with the "sceptible horse"
I was obliged to get away, his manner made it the
most ~~pleasant~~ thing I had heard for long time.

The place now owned by Lapels Earls of Harwood
was formerly the home of Wentworths. Earls of Stafford
till now extinct. That Wentworth Earl of Stafford
who was executed, being one of them. The tower
here is a mile out of town in a lonely spot. The
waters are much used for bathing also. I think
the sulphur water here is less mineral than those
of Virginia. The waters at Seamington in Warwick
shire were agreeable to me, and very like those of Roke
Spring, Saratoga.

Flamborough 6 mi, 18, 57
I came here 45 miles to see the celebrated Flamborough
Head. The village is of 1500 people in 2 story brick houses
and tolerable streets, nearly 2 miles from the coast.
The town looks new, but there is in a field by it an
ancient tower attributed to Danes. The walls are
thick but at present not over 25 ~~to 28~~ feet high, a strong
ribbed arch covers it which is permanently soil &
grass like a field. The building is about 35 feet
square and looks as if it would last centuries yet
although nearly all the facing stones have been plan-
ded and nothing but the original excellence of
the work and mortar is left to support the rubble
work that now composes the walls. The interior is
a stable when I found a lot of playful gentle colts
at liberty, and a donkey who would have nothing to

say to one whom he appeared to consider as one (32)
the fraternity too. The cliffs are of chalk, and
remind me of Duncunby Head, though they
bear no comparison with that noble buttress of
the Caledonian Coast. Chalk by the by is not chalk,
is not the soft yielding material we use at billiard
tables &c but something approaching stone. The chalk
of commerce is probably the selected softer portion.
I think about the point they are not over 300 ft
high, though in the bay north they may be 500.
They are cavernous at the base, and the North
Sea is constantly trenching upon them. The
floor is about level with low tide and washed
to a level platform. I could see Scarborough
and its castle to the north, and the Sun went
down in the west in a blush of deepest crimson.
A parcel of fishermen in boats were attending
some nets near the base of the cliffs, and about
Fifty boats were going out of the bay on the south side
of the point to catch crabs. This is done with little
nets on iron rims baited and let down into the water.
Besides these boats I could only see 24 vessels, several
of which were steamers. The fens near the cliff
are of sods as at Duncunby Head, but scarcely green.
I saw no Heaths, but a grouse got up with great
outcry. Choughs with their black plumage con-
trasted strongly with the chalk on the shelves of
which they were at roost on the face of the cliffs.
There birds are a sort of small Rook or crow, or
a large chunky grackle. Rabbits were dodging
about in all directions on the steep ridges of soil
that cap the cliff and where a slip must have
been fatal. On the point stands one of those
monuments with which England decorates every
rock or point of her coast that needs a beacon
for benefit of mariners. This one is about 150
feet high crowned with an eclipse light, and a
notable object to see. At its base within a high
wall are clustered the offices and house of the
keepers, and a comfortable scene it presents,
so snugly protected from all that blast can
do, except its staring ~~very~~ voice. In rear
of it stands an ancient one of still larger di-
mensions, and octagonal, apparently of chalk.
It is now used as a lighthouse for signalling ships.

I enclose in the last sheet a few flowers from (33)
the head. They are a sort of Pink, such as Mr
Nixon uses for edging, and found all along the
coasts of Britain wherever I have been, and that is
about all of it. Not a fish was to be had here for tea,
but they got one of the great crabs, there are as rich
as one half butter could make lobster. If I am
alive in the morning it must be because I ~~did~~
~~not~~ eat the claw, with that to hold on by, one
should stand any thing. Leaving Harrogate this
morning we passed a beautiful country for some
miles in which we passed the residence of Lord
Loughborough, and then came to the ~~low flat~~
country of the Ouse which with the Wharfe and
Ayr to go to form the Humber. This is a different
Ouse from that of Cambridgeshire which goes in
to the Wash, at Lynn Regis. I was in a third class
carriage, with about 15 passengers and I don't know
when I have seen so respectable seeming a group,
most of them evidently of the lower walks of life.
I think as a rule the 3d class carriages here present
far fewer objectionable passengers than our first in
America, despite the aid of Jim Crow Cars. Some
school boys were in it going home to holidays.
I think they said 5 boarding schools were at
Tadcaster where they had been; not far off. One
said the vacation was to have been only a month and
two days but the printer made a mistake and
it was 5 weeks. I asked him if he were not
sorry the printer should have committed such a
blunder. He said their school manager was
a very kindly old man, so he cared very little
about it. I saw some white roses in flower
and many of the fields are golden with flowers on
their rich flats. From what I have seen I conclude
good rich alluvial is best adapted to support of
cathedrals in England. York stands on both sides
of the Ouse which has 2 bridges, no tide there
but navigable for a sort of barge of about 40 tons
some 50 of them lay in the stream. The City has
about 45,000 inhabitants and is walled, the wall
in good repair and a walk on it. I spent 4 1/2
hours there and had plenty to do, a most queer
and interesting old place. Some of the houses
~~project~~ in their upper stories as nearly to meet and

the narrow struts, I saw a cart going back (34)
and down quite a long strut, too narrow to
admit of turning, though it possessed only 2 wheels,
there was no way in those days but to chuck or
buckle. The minute is a large affair of time
slim with 3 towns, & externally absurdly ridic-
ulous with its sculptured devils, dragons, monsters,
appropriate enough of the diabolism of the most
diabolical system of ^{theology} ~~religion~~, unless the fact
that Christian nations fear death more
than others is to be counted by a very differ-
ent ~~rule~~ rules from such as govern other
considerations of cause and effect. That its
devotes more hearts than any other seems to
me to be certain. A system that teaches
man that he can be exceptionally happy while
most of his family and friends are in hell must
be as absurd in logic as it is wicked in prin-
ciple and degrading in application. The blessed
few who are thus to contemplate themselves that
they are not with the majority of their nearest
kindred or even race, must expect a fine
turn of it, to be sure. These old time worn
churches are curious and interesting, and
portions of their details often beautiful, but as
a whole they are a continuation of the fantastic
and grotesque, and not one of the gothic which
I have seen is to compare in beauty to Trinity
in New York or ~~hundreds of new churches here.~~
Their interiors are, however, generally grand,
and that of this one especially so. The Chapter
house is a fine room, but not equal to that
of Salisbury. A window of stained glass 75 feet
high & 32 feet wide does not strike as large,
so well proportioned, a beautiful, many old
window is 27 feet diameter. The 75 feet window
the larger says is the largest of ancient stained
glass in the world. A screen window at Gloucester
is larger, but not properly a window. The ancient
stained glass casts no colour in its shadow, but
it is as if white and unstained. The ~~modern~~ modern
casts its colour in shadow on the floor, and
obscures the room, which it would seem

probable the ancient does not, Carvings that (35)
are very minute, are apparently as perfect and
sharp as when they were made 600 years ago.
A fellow concealed himself in 1829 behind a tomb
within the church, and fired it during the night
escaping by the window. He was found some miles
off and detected as incendiary by some gold
cloth he had stolen. He was ~~found~~ and com-
mitted to Madam as a lunatic, where he died.
His brother was an artist - the family all tal-
ented, and cracked. This fire destroyed one
end of the church, which has all been restored
exactly as before at a cost of 100,000 £ raised
very soon and easily by subscription. All the
original drafts of the building having been preserved
enabled a restoration accordingly. What is most
extraordinary this fire injured none of the numerous
great glass windows, nor the numerous ancient
monuments in the side aisles. The roofs of these
did not fall in, but the main roof cracked every
stone in the floor beneath it, by its fall. There are
two Roman sarcophagi in the church, which were
exhumed a few years ago after 1300 years repose.
The two bodies were in perfect form, but soon crum-
bled to dust on exposure to the air. An effigy
and tomb of the brother of the Black Prince is
here - The Black Prince lies in Canterbury Cathedral,
a Bishop Vernon lately, lies here, but not of the
family that owned Haddon Hall, says the Mayor.
A Bishop Sterne, ancestor of Laurence Sterne lies here.
Bishop Scrope, who was beheaded, the Mayor says
they found his body only a few inches below the pavement,
his skull lay in the crook of his left arm
where he supposes it was placed at time of burial.
Near by the church are a few arches of the cloister
of the Bishops palace of olden days. Near by it a
cow was tethered to an iron bar which she was
licking, a lepton worth heading. I went to the
museum, where are pretty grounds and gardens and
walks, ~~scarlet~~ and also yellow stone chubnuts just
in flower - apples as big as pebbles. In there
ground on a wall and large portion of Roman
work and very nice, good against time yet, though
built in the 2^d century. Here also are the beautiful

ruin of the large and evidently beautiful
 Abby of St Mary. Here is also the ruin of the
 Leonard Hospital, where lies a Sarcophagus in
 stone, a fossil just brought from Wharfedale and
 said to be the finest one yet found. It is about
 32 feet long. Wharfedale is on the coast of York
 shire, and has a quarry of blueish sand stone
 used for paving streets. Most of these reptiles
 which I have seen in America, are from Lyme
 Regis in Dorset Shire, opposite the Isle of
 Wight, found in Blue Lias there. Two old
 towers of the city wall stand on either bank of the
 river, just without the garden. The museum
 has many roman remains, shrines, tombs,
 votive altars &c, dug up in and about
 York. On one large stone Sarcophagus is a
 Latin inscription viz - "To the Gods of the
 Shades Aurelia Censorina her wife placed
 this to the memory of Aurelius Superus a
 centurion of the 6th Legion who lived 38 years
 4 months 13 days" a smaller one is inscribed
 (translated from the Latin) "To the gods of the Shades
 To Semplicius Florentina a most innocent
 being who lived 10 months. Felicitas Simplex
 her father, this, of the 6th Legion Victorinus"
 a fine collection of British Birds. I see it is the
 Field Fare and Red Wing that are so like
 our Robin in action &c. Temperature in 1854
 Ranged in June from 41 to 72° - in July 40 to 77½
 August 45 to 71 - During a Storm from Nov
 25 to Dec 6th inclusive, Therm. ranged from 50 to
 50°, commencing at 50° and ending at the same.
 The snow hunting here, is same as ours.
 The only wooden thing in the burned part of the Cathed-
 ral that did not consume, is a large tablet
 on which are inscribed in gilt, the names of
 the benefactors of the minister. There is good
 material for a menagerie. It is curious at
 all events, the thing little if any injured.
 I noticed "Galloway" on one side the street and
 "Blakey" exactly opposite it & "Whitcomb" by
 its side. Soon after leaving York for Scarborough
 some 10 miles we entered a heath and on it
 towered the lofty ruin of Sheringham castle


near Flaxton station, some miles (37
further we passed, in a beautiful hilly coun-
try, ruin of Kirkstall Abbey and also of the
Hall a nice residence, close by it. As we came
near to Scarborough the country grew broken and
high hills, and fountains. The Famous Cull
Stand on a cliff some 300 feet above the sea,
not one vessel did I see from it. The walls
must enclose many acres - over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long -
The old ruin of the citadel is fine, near or
quite 100 feet high. It is used as a fortress
still, but is not garrisoned. Scarborough has
about 16,000 people and is quite a watering
place. I saw a ruin of a church near the
castle, but it is trifling. I got some nice
red cherries at 8d per lb so fresh looking &
tasted, and juicy & sweet, I thought they
must be from some neighbouring wall, but
they were from Rotterdam. I have seen
many apple & pear orchards to day & plums.
The 20 miles long Scarboro & Flamborough is by the
sea, a wild hilly country, bleak, treeless nearly
by, though the hedges get up 20 feet high in places.
In the hollows trees grow too. By Filey a little
watering place, is a bay and very high cliffs.
Near here I was amused at the sagacious dodging
of a weasel, by a wood in a hollow, where I am
told are some squirrels too. ^{Filey} Puckering
and Houlgate "have a sign in Scarborough.
Seeing a piece of needlework in my room here marked
"Mary Castle," I supposed such to be the family name
of the hostess, but found on enquiring to be "Woodhouse"
~~I am now in doubt if Sherryfulton Castle, be not~~
~~Castle Howard, though I think not.~~
On enquiring I find chalk is prepared, refined from that of
the chalk cliffs. It does not do for stone buildings as the
wall, girdling to forts, crumbling on slaking under its
action. It makes but an indifferent lime. I saw a layer
bed of various ammoniacs, but this and the sta-
tion, a most brilliant and beautiful display of colours.

The Hawthorn out of flower inland, is here in full (38)
flower, but only produces them on the lee or inland side,
none on that exposed to the sea. I do not think this is the
case on our coast, but the sea wind here is a blasting
N. Easter often more than ours is. The day has been cool
and this evening is absolutely cold. Swift this and
Scarborough in pap, many high bleak hills, pale in
colour, comparatively barren, smooth and rising much
higher than Chimney Hill. I noticed by the rail sides
beyond York, the telegraph poles on one hand had 12 wires -
those on the other 4 wires. From the great number of
these lines I observe on poles, it seems probable that
a very small proportion of wires are laid in pipes,
subterranean.

Durham 6 mo 19th

I have been moving now these 16¹/₂ hours, and yet
feel no muscular exhaustion. The morning was
very cold, noon pleasantly warm, evening cold again.
We started this morning with some 25 boys with
a tutor in charge of them, in the carriage I took, all
going home to a 6 weeks holly day, and lively enough
yet less so than about 40 half dressed wild looking
urchins, who were in another carriage or rather a
mere dirt car, with no top. They were chiefly boys
from 9 to 16 years of age, a few girls with them, all
on their way to weed wheat or corn fields about
10 miles from their starting point, Driffild. They
are paid from 6d to 8d, 9d + 1/4 per day (no food given)
and cost of their journey to and fro daily, paid by the
employers. These are town children (who had better be
at school to be sure) taken from the evil influence of
the streets to the fields where they can earn something.
Then fellows made the welkin ring with their merry
huzzas, at every station. In a region of fine looking
level land not far from the sea between Ellastown
and Driffild, I was told land rented in farms of
300 to 600 acres at about 30/ per acre - some higher
and among high bleak hills which we soon afterwards
passed (after leaving the coast) much is rented for
less than 30/- Farm wages are from 8/ to 10/ per week
and boarded. If the men be single they are lodged
also. Good hands get employment on these terms the
year through. Said to be the highest price paid agricul-
tural labour in England, I do not doubt it. They have
meat also, and dinner is given them on Sunday.

They work more hours than in other districts, but (39
this will not enable them to produce more in a year.
Women are said never to work in the fields in that
region. I think in England it is not very common
to see them at other than light work. I saw 6 yesterday,
raking the dry grass off of ploughed ground, which is
put in heaps and burned in the field. The soil shows
no lumps, ~~then~~, when prepared for crops, any where, that
I have seen. The all pervading Canada Thistle is now
out of sight scarcely - Fine cows bring 20 £ each, and an
ordinarily good one 15 £. The high price of beef has caused
them to rise, yet beef is cheaper than with us, and cows not
so dear, but ours are lighter. In quite a region of
County along the coast and 30 miles inland indeed, large
windmills are used for grinding grain for consumption,
at Slingsby we passed Slingsby Castle, a very good ruin,
a few miles further "Gilling Castle" then Ryland Abbey
in a beautiful rich valley - Apparently a very large insti-
tution, the Gable end only standing - Abbey, abundant in
Yorkshire. Above this one, on an extensive hill planted
with a very rich forest, rose from the midst of trees
a tower of some sort; not of a church. At Ripon a
town of about 6000 people, on the Ure, is a Cathedral
with 3 low stubby looking towers. Building large &
plain. Above a plantation some few miles out of town
we see the numerous towers of the palace of the
Bishop. A very tall old obelisk called a cross by vir-
tue of some rusty iron stuck on top of it, stands in
the town on a sort of triangular square - Three miles from
Ripon is Sudley Park, about 500 acres, very beautiful by
nature, and adorned with some of the most beautiful
trees I have seen - Here is an American Hemlock some
40 feet high, with a big trunk and thick wide extending
drooping branches - By far the finest I have seen in this
County - It rivals their own year quite, and very like
them. Some Norway Firs said to be over 130 ft high and
they look it. As Yew said to be 1300 years old. Some
beech with trunks 50 feet to the branching and as fine
crus as could be worn by any thing - At last burst
upon my view the long sought longer heard of pride
of English Abbeys - Considered here incomparably their
finest. Perhaps hearing so much of this had its effect,
but I confess I think, I think Furness quite as fine,
Furness far more beautiful, and Melrose not at all

unworthy of comparison. Fountains Abbey covers ⁽⁴⁰⁾
several acres and is very fine, The stone is time defying
mill grit, from a ledge close by, and much of
the structure is firmly standing perfect as ever,
a small branch of the tree grows under a part of the
Abbey, furnishing trout, In the tree below are very large
Pike and Salmon also, and much of the fishing free. Water
are clear on a gravelly bed, no manufactures to soil it.
The Abbey Close (grounds) were 90 acres, encircled with
a high strong stone wall of stone, much still standing,
a large house is near by built over 200 years ago of stone
taken from the Abby, and enough more have been taken
~~to somewhere~~, to build a town for 600 or 1000 people.
The Kitchen fire place is double - ~~as~~ each part is 16
feet front and 6 ft deep  and about 6 feet high.
The Arch being straight and supported by niches in the stone
composing it - I enlivened a few details from the spot.
within the walls. Several carriages were there ^{some}
from Harrogate 11 miles off - ^{The place belongs to Earl de Grey} leaving Ripon in about
20 miles we came to North Allerton about 6000 people
and in a few miles further to Darlington where are
many friends, the Pease families among them. The
town is quite large just on the line of Durham, and here
manufactures, Collieries & Iron works begin again.
The first I believe since the vicinity of Leeds. There
is a remarkably fine Viaduct here of stone about 700 feet
long. One of the most striking I have seen, very high, with
about 8 beautiful semicircular arches - ^{198 ft} The form generally
adopted in these very high ones. It is on the rail leading
to Bishop Auckland where the Bishop of Durham has his pal-
ace. 20th I went first thing to see the Cathedral,
It is a large plain solid substantial respectable
looking gothic pile with 3 towers. Climbing up the
steep bank of the Wear that runs at its base, ~~just~~
as if it were just coming from baptism. The inside
is somewhat cavern like, but the finest specimen
of simple grandeur I believe I have yet seen. A
few mutilated tombs stand here and there - I attended
service and although the thing appeared to be despatched
as rapidly as possible it ~~seemed~~ long to one not over
zealous - I might feel differently about it if I were
only one of the elect who are to have a very nice time
after almost every body else has gone to those regions
so happily provided against calamitous consequences
of frost. ^{besides the women} There were nearly 30 officials, one with a sil-
ver rod appeared to be an orderly sargent, I suppose the

rest were blind, as they went nowhere unless he (41)
of the wand made a low obeisance and led the way -
For 6 bell asper that had done their duty before the others
commenced, being as if fatigued with the labour
of prevailing upon the two leaders who performed
the entire congregation that it was time to be up
and doing - The other 17998 of the 18000 folks in this
town, I fear must be in a bad way unless the church
be mistaken in its office. There are extensive cloisters
Every thing inside is nobly massive and time defying.
The material is as sound as ever, though outside repairs
are going on, new blocks of stone replacing the decayed - This
is a constant work on their old buildings - And lately a
lot of revival has taken place in a spirit of restoring
every thing of the sort to its pristine & primitive condition.
Marble columns pillars ornaments &c that have been
groaning under load of paint and whitewash for hun-
dreds of years, are ~~not~~ polished and changed from
granite stones to various marbles by the operation.
Durham, appear to me now of this, being the rude
homest stone it seems. Over the Communion table is the
last supper layed as life (the Italian painter) in some
sort of stucco, a bas relief - When the sermon commenced
I began to take cold in the damp of the place and left
to return, when, alas! I found it was all over. A great
luxury lot; if one may judge by the cost. This done is repeated
every day at a great expense of which no one ought to com-
plain, unless he be charged for other folks medicine.
The castle close by, adjoining indeed, is restored or
rather converted into a college - No Citadel on an eminence
above the rest is a fine object - The Officials, who as it seems
to me had been blowing hard where there was no fire went
out of a back door, near by which some appeared to reside
when doors opened from the cloisters. The many old window
over the Lady Chapel is about 27 feet diameter and more
beautiful, I think, than that of York - Richard Proper D.D.
(which I suppose may be translated Proper light) reposes
in this chapel. The whole town of Durham is romantically
situated, and this portion of it is nearly surrounded by
a bend of the Wear (its mouth in the North Sea is at Sunderland)
which is crossed by 2 nice bridges, on both sides of which are
the banks of the river deep gorge are delightful wood and
walks as wild as Wipahickon. There are quite extensive
ellany chicken, (who is "no chicken") sells porter despite the bishop.
And all the Tailor the Tailor was one of the delinquents who
either did not hear or did not heed the bell this morning.
Sad dog - but "servants play when the master away" and there
are rarely any where else. In the distance, on a high pinnacle

of a hill stands a monument to an Earl of Durham (42)
~~in the distance~~ ^{whence} it looks like a large square castle.
I can't think what he did to have such a heavy thing
piled upon his memory. Durham Castle are famous.
Leaving Durham for Newcastle we pass another very fine river
duet, not long but very high & majestic, for all the
streams here are in ~~deep~~ narrow but deep gorges. The
sides of these banks from the water up are covered with
trees and the effect is beautiful. A few miles further
we pass another one, very fine too. The coal region extends
all the 21 miles to New Castle on Tyne. The fine refuse
coal, that formerly was useless, indeed burned very often by
spontaneous combustion in the great heaps at the mouths
of the coal shafts, is now coked in vast quantities for Rail
ways. There being a law compelling them to use in their Loco-
motives. A law also compels every line to run each way
once per day, a train, that shall take 3^d class passengers
at 1s per mile. If the Company choose to change the hour
of this train it must give notice thereof to the public.
An ~~exp~~ pass train passed to day in which I found only first
class passengers were taken, then at about 3^d per mile, and
although there were 2^d class carriages at lower rates, they
would only take servants of those in the first class, a most
insidious distinction, I should think. As I was not ready
for the train it subjected me to no inconvenience. I took
one an hour and a half later at less than one half the
price ~~that~~ ("Bernick") Bernick on Tuesday 6m 20. 57
Then I am on the North of Tyne again and Scotland
"long Scotland" sticks out of the ground here everywhere!
The sunset, at about 50 minutes past 9 - was beautiful -
The finest by far I have seen in Britain - for its beauty
lasted more than an hour - generally here its glories
subdued as they are, ~~are~~ ^{last} only 40 or 20 minutes.
I stopped some time in New Castle and was much interested
to hear of its smoke and cheap coals to make it with.
To my surprise I find a portion of the town (there
are 90,000 people in the town) built within 30 years,
superior to any thing I ever saw. Gray Street is short
but surpasses ^{in architectural display} Princes Street in Edinburgh. It is beauty
itself, so far as a street can contain it. At its head
stands a very fine ~~fluted~~ Corinthian Column, probably
100 feet high surmounted by a statue of Earl Grey.
On the beautiful base of this column is an inscription
that is really refreshing after so many piles commemorative
of blood and gunpowder - "who nearly half a century
was the constant advocate of Peace" is the beginning of his

ecology as there inscribed. Neither did I see one (43
stone to a "stew" though I suppose there must be some
in so large a town. Market street crosses Gray Street, and
has some fine shops - The Market is altogether superior
to any I have seen, and perhaps to ~~Farnham~~ ~~that~~ that
at Farnham Hall in Binton, itself. Most of the rest
of this fine portion of the town is of stone, and newspapers
Glasgow generally - and perhaps Union St in Aberdeen.
As to London, it is quite behind - The rest of the town
is much of it old odd, crooked, built of brick, blackened
with coal and smothered with smoke - There are large chem-
ical works here, iron works, and great Steam Engine man-
ufactories, or shops. The Tyne is a fine tide water stream
about 650 feet wide - crossed by a good stone bridge of 9 Arches,
just below which lie some 40 or 50 vessels, several of them
ships and brigs. The coal is all shipped at various
points below, all along the river. A Rail way runs
through the town to Tynemouth crosses a gorge, by a viaduct
with arches of beautiful proportions and masonry over the
streets fully 130 feet high. But the wonder of the place
is the famous high level bridge of the Rail way across
the the Tyne - being on straight columns, it is not
handsome, but I think it a greater work than the famed
Britannia at Anglesea - It is 1362 feet long about
60 ft broad and 181 feet high above high water mark.
The rail track is on the top, and about 20 feet below that
is a carriage way, with wide walk for pedestrians on each
side. The arches (4 abreast to each pair of stone pil-
lars) are of enormous weight grace & strength, and
140 feet span. I could not learn the cost of it (in fact
nothing else about it, but by actual observation) but I
think there can not be less than 40,000 Tons of Iron in it.
The rail station into which it directly leads, in fact ends,
has a fine Grecian facade of stone, fronting about
1000 feet on the street. I heard this cost 100,000 £.
The theatre in Gray St is a perfect gem. The court house
a good Grecian building. I began to think that prac-
tical, working men, do every thing best. The elegant
and all - that elegance itself is a practical matter.
An ancient Norman Castle square with towers, and a
high building stand close by the great bridge & station
(The Cathedral & Castle at Durham are Norman, and
about date of Conqueror). There is a nice open
fish market too, a sort of Grecian Portico. They
evidently believe in the Grecian in Newcastle. I took
train at 6 1/2 P.M. 67 miles for Birnwick. I found by taking

a return ticket, I make the journey both ways for (44) only $\frac{1}{6}$ more than a ticket costs for one way. This is frequently the case, but generally a fare and one half is charged instead of two, or ^{$\frac{1}{4}$} one third is saved by such a ticket. They are restricted, however as to time, and generally to about 24 hours, ^{and now are given (as a rule) to 100 per mile each} but sometimes for a month - if bought on Saturday they are generally good all Sunday and for the first return train Monday. The one I took to day would not permit me to return to night had I chosen to do so, unless I bought a new ticket. I have not heard why this is the case. It is not so in all cases. I noticed the sign of Keep Off in New Castle, also ~~been~~ of Mr Keenlyside. The first thing I did there was to go to Barker's brook stone to enquire about Proctor's haunted house. I found he knew all about it. Proctor (a friend) had just left his shop as I went in. Barker thought I would have no difficulty in getting permission to sleep in the haunted room. I hoped then to return to do so, but fear now I shall not get a chance - my time is short for Norway. Soon after leaving New Castle we pass Killingsworth house that I took for an asylum of some sort. At Ellwisth is Morpeth Castle, a small ancient affair being now fitted up restored to its original condition by the Earl of Carlisle. The beautifully wooded deep narrow gorge of the stream still continuing, but the coal mines cease not far from Ellwisth. Next is Witherington Castle, now a school, immediately on the sea coast. Then Bawkuorth Castle, with a very tall tower, a very extensive ~~estate~~ ^{estate}, and a large square part nearly entire. A very fine ruin, the property of the Duke of Northumberland. Bawkuorth Island opposite to it. Very near ~~in~~ the town of Alnwick, a little further on, is Alnwick Castle, but I only saw the old Abby of Alnham in the park. And Ratcheliff Tower. I noticed Ash trees here in many instances were yet in very thin foliage, as was the case about Flamborough yesterday. Thorns here too are yet in flower but past prime. Gorse & Broom abound the whole 67 miles. The ~~Gorse~~ only a little if any past its prime here I do not understand it, broom came after gorse, here they are together - whole moors are covered with them

The County near ^(known as an-nick) Alnwick is quite pretty. (45)
We soon passed the house of Sir Geo Gray, a very old
fashioned looking one, and small for a gentleman -
looks much like a large farm house. Then Barn-
burgh Castle, where the County begins to break into
crops, with wide rich alluvial plains inter-
vening for many miles to Berwick, and all the
farms pretty much on the Scotch factory like plan
of "steadings" with steam power - the paper Holy-
Island, a most romantic high rock in the sea,
then "Screemston" Station that must have been
born in Kentucky - then over the great viaduct
of 27 arches (I think) over 100 feet high that crosses
the Tweed into this town. 9 o'clock + 20 minutes, yet as
light as day - It was nearly so at 10 1/4 P.M. I am
told it grows no darker after that - now at 10 o'clock
and 50 minutes, it is nearly light enough to see the
twilight - as I am to be called at 5 I will retire
pretty soon - I saw very few vessels from the coast as
we came up - By taking a return ticket on the terms today
say for 100 miles or at that rate 12/- the price of a ticket
one way that distance 12/- the privilege of coming back
is given by paying 2/- more - 12/- for 100 ~~miles~~ miles
but only 14/- for two hundred. The trains that are obliged
by law to take passengers in one class of carriages for 1d
per mile are called "Parliamentary" often "Govern-
ment" trains and the tickets are marked accordingly.
but the carriages which take for 1d per mile, are not
generally allowed the advantages of return tickets.
Excursion trains in England though are generally very
cheap, but apt to crowd the carriages. Near Newcastle
I found a ~~train~~ line on which less than 1d per mile
was charged - I found it was an experimental thing -
to test the effect of lower fares - The station master
(who told me had had Mr. Filmer at his station on his
way to Newcastle) seemed to think the prospect not en-
couraging - It is on a side, out of the way road, though.
Great care is exercised at ^{particular} the stopping places, in testing
every wheel of the train with a hammer. By the ring of
the blow a crack or flaw in one of them would be at once
detected. A yellow grease, not oil, is used for the axles.
I saw Hares and numbers of partridges by the way side, Pheasants
and Pipers of course. The Lapwing appears to be a bird of the

reason here. There is a very extensive lunatic asylum ⁽⁴⁶⁾
nearly completed at Mapett. Holy Island is a high rock
in the sea, a most romantic looking place - a castle on it.
There is a pier and beacon on it, at the mouth of Farnes.
The old bridge of Berwick (when every letter used to pay
an additional postage & whiskey an additional duty, until
within a short period) the castle and walls are interesting
objects. Upon looking out an East window at 2 A.M.,
I find a bright glow of morn in the East and all is
light enough to read -

Stouiden June 21. 57.

I came ^{back} to Newcastle this morning and took train about
miles down the Tyne to this place to see Proctor's
mill and house, of which the interesting account was
published some years ago by a London Physician who
went to test the galaxy of the reports about the ghost &c.
Obtained permission (with a friend also) to lodge in the room
one night - on seeing the apparition fell in a swoon &
was ~~not~~ very ill for 6 weeks after. So faithful is his
description, I know the room the steps by the door the
entry and closet, the moment I came to them. The room
is about 18 feet square, on the third floor. The house is
of brick, 3 stories a good dwelling, near 50 feet front.
but since event above alluded to partitioned in the two
lower stories for another tenement. This may have
something to do with the fact that the spirit woman
has not been seen or heard for some years. The mill
is also of brick, is 6 stories high about 80 feet front and
has 7 pairs of stones propelled by steam. This large flour
ing establishment, stands within 30 feet of one end of
the house, both are on the street. Only a few houses com-
pose that part of the village. It stands with a stream be-
hind and a hill in front - a secluded place, just off the Tyne,
of which the stream is a small branch. The men were not at
home in either part of the house. but all the women and a lad
of some 16 years, appeared to have no ~~doubt~~ doubt of the house
having been haunted, than of the house itself. My proposition
to lodge in the chamber (there is no bed in it) met fared as
the report of the ghost, only an a kind apprehensions of its re-
turn and I apprehend I shall not be able to do so. I pro-
posed to return at ~~the~~ period of some months, but with
no success. The people were kind, and a nice looking
servant girl who showed me over one portion of the house
declined gratuity. On my way down I passed Wall End
^{North side of Tyne} and saw some of the mines whence the famous "Wall End"
"coal" is mined, so popular in London. It derives its name
from the terminus of the old Roman wall built by Severus from
this point through New Castle (where some of it still is standing) to

Carlisle. I find all people here universally believe (4)
there are some strange unaccountable things took
place at the Proctor house, but they are very backward
about saying what they believe until they are assured
by an expression of my own opinion. Ferris on this
subject connected as it is with a league against
existing abuses must be expected. The spirit although
apparent most frequent in the particular room men-
tioned, frequented all parts of the house, and very many
believe they have seen her from the outside, sometimes
standing in a window, ~~one~~ part in of the apparition
being on each side the glass thereof. I met in the
street either the leper of the cut of his hair or his
dark a man of about 58 years of age. Who told me
he had often seen her, though no one had now for
some years. He had not time to tell me any thing
more being on his way to meeting. Another told me
that servants very often left the house after the first
night's experience. He appeared to think Mr Proctor
was still followed by the phenomena, very possibly
he is a medium.

Carlisle evening 6th 21

I took train 60 miles through the beautiful valley of Tyne
and the last few miles in the far richer one of the
Eden to this old town, and I am at my old quarters
the White Heart. This being my 3^d visit to this pleasant
town, I should remain here a week probably if time
would permit. From Stouder I ~~took~~ morning
I took train 3 1/2 miles further to Tynemouth, "Tin mouth"
(8 miles from Newcastle)
when stand on a monument looking at the sea
a statue of Admiral Collingwood. One of those
fighters who I believe was an excellent Christian
too. The Tyne has 21 feet of water on its bar at high
tide, and only 3 or 4 feet at low water. Spring tides
rise here 20 feet. They are building a long break water
from the mouth of the river to afford greater protection
to the great trade constantly passing in and out.
A mile above the mouth is North Shields, and opposite
is South Shields. The latter has probably 15000 people, but
I could not find any one who knew that or any thing
else about their place of residence. I met Barker
at Tynemouth, who took my address and is to let me
know if I can have the room at the mill house.
Perhaps his influence will prevail. He has lectured &
written on these subjects - is a very observing man evidently
but thinks these phenomena are probably subjective.
Hundreds of vessels, chiefly Brig, masted ships & propellers
however, lie all along both banks the river down their
chiefly collision. It is said there 100 Steam tugs engaged

towing these vessels in and out of Port. I saw a great many - they are very small. One of our New Orleans tugs would drag a dozen of them backward, in spite of their paddles and the best of "wall end". The river is lined with various shops, especially chemical works and those of iron, but the most extraordinary things I saw are about a dozen artificial mountains. Some of them I think 80 or 90 feet high and must be in some instances several acres in surface on the top. Some look like truncated cones of immense size. Sugar loaf hill would not be missed out of one of them. This earth is chiefly from London, whence it has been brought as ballast by colliers, and discharged on arrival here to make room for coal. Steam engines draw it up these hills in cars on inclined rail ways. I should think in the aggregate they would cover 50 acres of land 50 feet deep. If the ballast occupies this space what must be the bulk of all those coals which filled the vessels that went away loaded instead of only in ballast, and how big must the cavern be whence it was taken. Pudding mill and the dozen houses by it stand under the side of one of these "ballast heaps" as under a mountain, completely hidden from every thing else. Leaving South Shields we soon came to the new docks lately built by the Duke of Northumberland. Some of the chemical works have semimountains of a white looking material about them, being residue of their processes in manufacture. The vessels now generally throw their ballast overboard at sea. It is probable the height of the hills has become such as to render this mode of discharging at sea cheaper, but some think the mouth of the river is suffering in consequence. The coal shipping slides are scattered on each bank for miles, but in consequence are not so striking as the great concentration of them at Richmond above Thelthorpe. I suppose the coal trade here must be vastly the greater of the two places. The great iron high level bridge they say cost 250,000 £, I should think more, and that its height is 120 ft. The firm of "Messrs Goodlad" here are said to be among the greatest paper manufacturers of the country. There is a staple of which citizens here are very proud - I think it ridiculously ugly. It is one with arched buttresses, a sort of candy basket concern, looks like Queen Elizabeth. Tradition says Cromwell knowing how much it was prized by the inhabitants, sent word to the Mayor, when he sat down before the place, if he did not surrender the town the staple should be cannonaded immediately. The mayor was

allowed but a few minutes to decide. This he oc (49)
cupied with filling the ship with Cromwell's own
men, whom he happens to have on hand as prisoners -
This done he ~~replied~~ replied that Cromwell might
fire upon his own men when he thought fit.

Soon after leaving New Castle we cross the Tyne into
Durham but follow its beautiful valley, first one
side then another. Some 20 miles up we pass Prudhoe
Castle, standing on a steep, green hill, belongs to Duke
of Northumberland who has also title of Lord Prudhoe.
Then Barwell Hall, a new Castle property of an M.P.
Sandon House with very many gables a fine seat close
by it. Then Beauford Castle, fine new building, a
pirate gentleman. Then the famous old border town
of Hexham, on a hill above the Tyne, now grown very
small. already, not bigger than BlackRising. A very
large old Church Crown the Town a castle is near it.
A pretty, graceful bridge of 9 arches spans the head
bed of the stream here, (subject to freshets) that re-
minds me of the master piece in its way at Dunkeld.
Then Williamsdale Castle now a farm house &
offices, new and old. never much, I should think,
Roman Camps abound on this route. We passed
Berrister Castle, Blenkinsop a ~~great~~ large ruin but
very striking old castle. Then Thirlwall also an
interesting looking far gone ruin. Then a long
piece of the Ancient Roman wall, running straight
as a line up a gradual slope, toward the
North west. This near Rye Hill Station, should
you ever pass that way. Soon after over the beau-
tiful vale of Annan, beyond the Solway I espied
my old friend Croft, that lifts his head about
1500 feet above the beautiful ruin of Sweet heart
~~Abbey~~ in Abbey, in the vale of Nith, below Dumfries.
Just here too hidden in beautiful grove is War-
worth Castle, a residence for a month in each year
perhaps of Howard, Lord Ellipeth, Earl of Carlisle, now.
Beautiful Laurels in bloom there, and at the station
close by various fine flowers and cherry red pae-
onies bright as ~~the water~~ red hot shot. Then on
the Eden is Corby Castle the fine residence and
park of one of the Howards a county Esquire,
Earl of Carlisle is immensely rich. Castle Howard
not far from Scarborough, his. There is great game

and beauty and constant succession of groves (50
side valleys, hill sides & summits, in Tyne valley,
and it is not unlike the Tweed, but not so fine.
This is the only Rail way in Britain I presume, that
runs its carriages on the right hand track, as we do
or should, on double tracks. The road curves about
very much, so much so that the speed is not con-
sidered safe at over 20 miles per hour on an ave-
rage. There is very little cutting, though there
is one tremendous one not many miles from Carlisle.
The high hills northwards of Cumberland, are
near the track, along the western portions.

Thatch roofs are frequent in this quiet sequestered
vale. Stone walls are common in some portions
of it. The land is warm & early, and about Car-
lisle the season is said to be unusually early, but
I saw only one few grass fields being mown.

The ploughing I have seen is considered late.
You recollect the "lands" as they are called by farm-
ers, laid out on the left hand from Traillington
to the house, in straight lines, parallelograms.
In England nearly all fields are so ridged, but
instead of being in straight lines, they almost
universally curve. From all I can learn, this
inconvenient, and not economical mode here, arises
from mere fancy. It is very pretty to see,
but most embarrassing ploughing materially.



very often running as diagonally as in the
diagram.

Ambleside 6 mi 22.5

I do not know whether the last 40 of my
54 miles coach ride to day is the most

beautiful one in the world, or not but one thing
is certain each of these views perfect while
at the same time each succeeding one appeared
to be still more lovely and beautiful. It is said
to be the finest portion of the lake scenery, and
some think the finest point is at the head of
Windermere lake by this lovely flower embow-
ered and vine clad village. I enclose some
from the path to the lake. I went 4
miles down the lake to the Rail Station 7 miles
from Kendal to take a look at the hotel & some
I stopped at last December. Wood villas beau-
tiful walks valleys mountains, lakes all seem

to have met in the happiest possible combine (51
times, To crown all they say the day has been one
of extraordinary degree of loveliness. Pink Fox
gloves 5 feet high in full flower are everywhere -
The hedges full of flowers, Hop vines, Sweet briars
tall 20 feet high and like great barberry bushes
in some cases, drooping with flowers, some of pink
as bright as the fox gloves, others very nearly white,
and the air loaded with their perfume, some
times spread as it were with the rich colour of
the Cranberry tree (that has leaf & wood so like those
of the Hornbush) now burdened with its fine white
elder like flowers. The Elder too are getting
to be quite white with blossoms contrasting so deeply
with the peculiarly deep green of its own foliage.
Horn trees are covered with various sorts of roses in full
bloom to the very ends - some of these are so red as
to seem to be a new colour. all these things which
are merely a few of the et ceteras for 40 miles, and
how much further all the Angels in heaven must
know, for sure they have been to see. The first
lake we came to a very small one, then the beautiful
Baptingthwaite 5 miles of silver set in emeralds.
at the base of the mountains, we rode along the
water with Skiddaw (Skiddler) the third highest
of these Peaks Sean fell and Helvellyn being higher.
At Keswick is Southey house, and not far off the
church in which he lies. The last two years of his life
he was a perfect child amusing himself all day
long with two or three common marbles and a few
toy, such as other children use. & this a melan-
choly ending of days. I think not particularly so.
Keswick stands on a little eminence just out of
the white washed simple village. It has trees. The
vegetable garden was in front - He cared less for flowers.
very lean, rather tall, walked looking up. The
great winds at the foot of the hill just back of his
house where I walked in his walk on a dense
shade of trees. On this side the rugged slopes
of Skiddaw appear to great advantage, close
by. From the front of the house is as lovely a view
of mountain & vale as can well be. The scene
of these lakes, is a medium betwixt that of
Wales & Scotland, but more like the former.
The house is truly large plain 3 storied. There were

Coleridge lived with him, and had his study (52)
at one end of the house while Southey was at the
other. In front are two maple trees near the door
planted by the Poet himself. The American species
maple, of which I enclose some leaves in this sheet
white roses are in flower in these valleys too. The
first I saw in bloom of this sort were at York.
I believe the Red is the Lancaster. The Queen is Dutch.
of Lancaster, and derives revenues from it as
such. The duchy covers at least partially, several
counties. From the road we looked up a fine
valley several miles to Cockermouth, which is just at
the western limit of the Lake District. which is not
over 25 miles across, generally, if so much. Scarcely
knowing we got a fine view of Derwent water
close to us, 3 miles of moraine deep down in a
basin of mountains. The hills are generally planted
in rock patches of forest, and pheasants abound in
some of them, plenty of Hares & Rabbits, but the moor
lands have no heather for grouse. Saw a pheasant
cross the road in great haste. We passed the Saddle
back, a fine mountain. Got a look up the steep
ravine looking vale of St. Johns, closed at the far
end by a noble mountain, while the portal through
which I saw it, was a space between two others of
grand proportions. This scene reminded me of
those about Igneum, in the elongated of Pied
alpine country. Little Thirlmere is by our side
said to be at a greater elevation than any other
in England. Merentain Tarn (pond) are however
in numerous instances far higher, hereabouts.
Here we soon cross the foot of Helvellyn. a name
worth noting. It seems remarkable, that with the
exception of 3 little lakes in Wales. I have not seen
so much as a natural pond in England, besides
those of this lake district. Gassmere is totally
unspeakable. Such a gem as earth may well
be proud to wear, right after it comes. By date
not so big as a dozen of Christopher Roberson's pond
has two islands, one big enough for two tall pine
trees and a patch of shrub, the other covered with
a little forest, which is a heronry. The begins
a sort of scattering valleys among trees, rose roses
flowers. profuse thickets of roses as hedges in full
bloom mixed with all manner of other delightful

things. One of the bright parts of the day must 53
have fallen out and struck here. Chadsworth house
is just what it ought to be. all beauty, simplicity,
exemption from pretension of any sort! whether it
be the residence of a poet or a nature loving peasant
it would be almost hard to guess. Near it
is Doctor Arnold (of Rugby School) house "Foxhous".
This village that has an atmosphere one feels as
the paper, is almost a suburb of the village Ambleside
side, which is a lovely romantic old fashioned
place, of about 1500 people. I enquired some pine leaves
from Chadsworth, some for Miss Emily Hazard,
a poet, ^{an} admirer of the poet may be gratified to
have these relics. We see from about Ambleside
nearly all the principal mountains, The Scaev
fell at their head. also Conistone, and Langdale
Pike. Stone walls are numerous in the Lake district
as well as hedges, around the fields. A fine new
stone earth layer and with many towns across a
hill on the bank of Windermere, just opposite this
village. It belongs to Doctor Dawson of Liverpool.
maize and row boats abound, skimming about
the lake. Some orchard, and one I saw looks
remarkably well & healthy. Many trees are not
laying. Blackberries are blossoming. Miss Myers
who has a house near here is a good shot and fond
of shooting. I suppose she can beat Diana with
such superior weapons, but not Miss Shannon.
at Thursty I saw the name of "John Bigland"
a few fields are mowing, the hay has a long
straight heavy handle, very like the Highlanders.
There is a little and ancient looking cross in the street
by my most comfortable hotel, where both bread & butter
will do to go with the scenery, and the folks too.
at Keswick in the room where is exhibited a nice model
of the Lake district, is kept a register for visitors, I
saw the names of Rebecca D. Smith & Mr Stanpen
May 29. This man prepares plants too & mounts them
in books, one comprising all the ferns (in which the
district is very rich) and some mosses, was priced 10/-
I should have taken it if I could have carried it.
a beautiful thing. The man is one of those who
would put them up for nothing rather than desert
the kind of life that binds & fixes them. I saw

the name of Mr. Harkriss. Larkriss is one of (54)
the unkefield places below Kendal on the Kent,
Rigg, Fell Thwaite and Kirby around here. Kirby Lonsdale
means church by Lonsdale - Rigg is probably Scotch
for ridge. I noticed in the little stream flowing
from Rydal water, strong stobs were driven in the
bed of it, at intervals of some 5 or 6 feet. I noticed
the same thing in Wales. A precaution against
poachers, to keep them from dragging the water at
night with nets for fish. 23^d. I was sick last night
and feared I should lose today - In our eleven months
of journey here I have tried the future to not lose a day
by illness. A very rich soup yesterday with the aid
of the efforts of taking less than my usual allowance
of sleep for 3 nights nearly upset me. On getting up
this morning I felt dreadfully, just as I have al-
ways been accustomed to feel in America on
early rising - After 3 hours more nap, I took the
little steamer "Dragon Fly" the length of Windermere
and back - 14 miles long is the lake and from $\frac{3}{4}$ to
a mile wide, in one place $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles. This lake with
Coniston lake just west of it, 6 miles long, are
probably as large as all the rest of the Lake district
combined. Our steamer ran about 8 miles an hour
not many passengers, and a very pleasant band
of music - Strange as it might seem, the best
band, to my ear, is at Birmingham, composed
of accident artisans &c, I was playing delightfully
when I was there, on the street. I met a very
bright friend on the boat, she is related to Diana
Shannon and says she was considered in England
one of its most sensible women. I had not been on
the dragon fly one minute before I thought a coal
of fire had fallen on my hand; it proved to be one
the house flies here quite similar. There with spotted
wings, which we call phanish, that lie in wait by
wet places and brooks in wood for unfortunate hor-
ses and their riders. These, however, are confined
to no particular spots, in the forest. They are
singularly docile, on feeling one on the face he may
be picked off with the same facility as if he
were inanimate. I saw none other on the boat.
Windermere is the deepest of the lakes as well as the
largest being from 40 to 45 fathoms toward its North end

It has several little islands, I saw of water first (5)
only one flock of ducks - In this 14 miles 3/4 is charged
with the privilege of returning in either of the boats.
The moose exports a triple benefit, Gorse is seen in
flower on the hills, Bonap is about 5 or 7 miles down
near the rail station for Kendal H. Opposite to it
is a lone Inn at a ferry that almost pulls one to its
well shaded door, immediately by the beautiful water,
Inn abound and doubtless 150 excellent row boats,
Omnibuses run in all directions from Ambleside
which is the most central point, beside being the
most beautiful locality by far. Every thing here
pays out of shades beaming with the perfumed
light of acres of roses, House fronts entirely painted
with them, the humblest. Mount ain Ash is common
and all the English trees and shrubs, mainly, Low
scrubby juniper bushes abound on the sides of the rocky
hills. I went this afternoon to Conistone water
about 8 miles from here, a lake 6 miles long.
Slates are obtained there, also a large copper
mine. The lake has a most peaceful aspect
with beautiful slopes of gradual rise to the
mountain bases - although no stream flows
out of this lake, and I presume there is no current
yet a winding unruffled streak wound the
whole length of the lake, as if covered with oil. It
was a distinct from the slightly rippled water ar
ound it, and plainly marked as a stream in a
meadow. From the carriage at a high point, I
could see down the vale of Derwent, nearly to
Kewick, "~~Kewick~~" "Red-sick" a good deal of heather
is among the hills as we wound about in the nar
row, rude, delightful road, but the peat is
in the gap in the damp swales, where some was
being cut, but not much is here used I imagine. I saw
several mounds, either Druid or Saxon, probably.
I also went to the little quiet, retired, whitewashed
village of Hawkshead, lying in a deep vale
about 3 miles East of the Ferry across Windermere,
Old Hawkshead Hall is near by - looks very an
cient - a farm house, with one Gothic window
left, and an arched entrance on one side.
Rath little East Thwaites lake is just out of
Hawkshead. I saw some flowers I picked in the

outskirts of the village, or rather just within
it. The pink one abounds on the way sides all over
England - and is extremely beautiful. It is culti-
vated in our garden I think. The yellow is buttercup.
I have plenty of pine from Woodworth, which I will
put in my package of such things, to go by ship,
to Newman. I sent a small package No 4,
a few days ago to John Davies Liverpool, to send
to Newman Esq. of such matter, for me thing a
piece of Byron Oak. I thought Saml. Poul might
turn into something appropriate. I saw cherries
now red on a tree this evening - The weather is
almost hot, among the hills in the sun, considered
very much so by the natives. Scarcely here is con-
sidered forward - A few fields only mown, yet
I saw two men mowing after 9 P.M. to night
close by Woodworth house at Rydal Mount.
I walked this evening to Rydal Mount about 1 1/2
miles through a most delicious valley to be seen.
The neighbourhood of Rydal especially is a wonder.
Art that has done so much there intrudes not upon
nature in a manner to attract attention. These
very houses (all of them simple & pretty) do not
remind one that nature has not done all.
Every step of this ramble ^{discovers some} new enchan-
tment, and to a poet must have given
as often, a fresh inspiration. These folks ought
not to be as other men, with such surroundings.
I never was an admirer particularly of Woodworth's
poetry, but the man I venerate. I felt a
most unusual influence while at his house
his garden, his walks, his solitary path there
when he looked down on Rydal water a calm
mirror (now) below, or pursued his way to his
favourite retreat to Stab Sear which looks
down in its turn upon Rydal Mount. The
house of Colridge is just beyond in the valley
on which we look from Woodworth's garden -
It, walked much at evening, was very kind
and considerate to all. A nice sort of house
keeper met me at the door & very kindly took me
about. She could not admit me to Mr Wood

upth, who is over 80, entirely blind and receives 57
now but particular friend. I picked many things
about the door some I enclosed in the last sheet
among them the wild yellow poppy a favourite
flower of the poet. Skipton 6 mo 24th

I left Ambleside this morning by coach 2 1/2 miles
to old Penrith by the whole length of Ulleswater
I think it as a whole the finest of the lakes. It is
more Scotch in the grand view of its mountains
at the South End from towards the North. The
scenery on the west shore by which the road runs,
close to the water all the way & generally without
fence is more American than any I have seen.
It has no spot however like Ambleside & Rydal.
I have passed several small lakes or rather pools
in the Lake district, names of which I have not
mentioned. I recollect that on entering the door
of Mrs Woodroffe's house at "Rydal Mt" Salve" is
just within the threshold - on the way thither I saw
a pansy just in bloom that outstrips all
gather the beautiful wild ones that grow to
such enormous size on our sea shore. This was
about 9 feet high with beautifully rich leaves,
and the flower crown that made a sort
dome (rather flat one) at the summit was
fully 4 feet in diameter. ^{The mustard plant is outdone.} Ambleside was an
old Roman station I hear, and that the mounds
in the neighbourhood were probably made by
these people. Wild Stomynckles abound every
where. I saw one red squirrel. Foxes are numerous
often seen in the water, but the wild cats are
now exterminated. We passed 4 miles north of
Ambleside, all the way up hill an Inn said
to be the highest inhabited house (in position)
in England - about 1700 feet. A point just
above it looks 400 more. A sheep attracted by
a little green spot (we could just see him but
the keen eye of the shepherd was ~~elated~~) had
descended to it but could not get back again,
a frequent occurrence - 2 men were dispatched

with us to extricate the prisoner, The ~~Clegs~~ 58
"Clegs" (such is the name of the biting fly with
which I became acquainted yesterday) were abun-
dant to the top of this mountain, but are
not so voracious as ours. A beautiful clear
stream attended us down the other side.
Small trout are numerous in some of them.
Fishing here is generally public. Many trout
are caught in a little scarp net, punched out
from under stones with a stick and adroitly
caught with the net in their flight. They bring
now 8d per lb. The visiting season just com-
mencing. When sheep are washed in the stream
the trout are almost killed (those which happen
to be near) so that they turn on their sides and
backs to the great delight of boys. At Penrith
stands a ruined Castle, destroyed by Cromwell
of course. He doubtless destroyed very many.
A Mr John Andrew, a ship owner of Sunderland
occupied a seat with me on the coach top. He
owns a dozen ships, has one now in Philad, when
Mr Walsby is his correspondent. He gave
me his card and offer of service when I came to
Sunderland, where they have built the largest
dock in this Kingdom at ~~an~~ great expense,
entirely reclaimed from the sea. Yet when
it was finished, the pious bishop of Durham
set up a claim of 20,000 £. He is Lord of the
manor, which confers rights of minerals, claims
upon ~~all~~ a land grown out of sea or rivers,
and a payment ~~for~~ of a certain amount, in
proportion to the sale, for all transfer of land,
within the manor. These indolent people
finding themselves liable to legal plunder
compromised the matter by paying 8000 £. As
barren piracy as one could well conceive of.
The land about Sunderland has what they call
"the Parson's blight" being dean and chapter land.
There can only be let on 7 years leases, and at the
expiration of 3 of these leases, the property is re-
valued, and all houses and other improvements
that may have been made at the expense of the

tenant, become property of the church and (59)
rents increased accordingly. This discourages all
and improvements are not made if they can be
avoided. This poison runs all over the country
the worst plague spot it has. The poor rate in
Sunderland during the depopulation of about 1837
amounted to 25/ per pound sterling of on two
thirds of the amount of rent paid by the tenants
or any body else in the place - This one thing caused
the failure of many in small trade - The indirect
mode of rating the tax is rather remarkable, but
less so here than it would be with us. If a man
pays 300 £ rent his poor rate was 25/ per £ on
200 £, making an addition of 250 £ to a 300 £
rental. Farm land then rent at 5 £ per acre
(in small parcels I think) besides about 1 £ per acre
for taxes in form of poor rate corporation and other
local burdens - The National are yet to be added.
yet the owner gets about 3 per cent only on the estimated
value of the land. It is a great mistake, I believe,
to suppose interest on money is lower in England
than in America - American 8 per cent is paid by
labour at 6/ per day - English 2½ per cent is paid
by labour at 2/ per day - Bank interest is now
6 to 7 per cent and has been so for some time.
I doubt if it permanently settles much below
existing rates, at least in a long time. As we
passed a bridge out of ~~West~~ Cumberland on a Caern
at the end of it we read "Welcome to Carn
berland" I did not enquire the price of it.
From Penrith to Lancaster most of the country
is high and wild, Kendal looked very pretty
by its pretty stream in the deep rich valley
as we passed, we stopped some minutes at the
Station, high above it. Lancaster is on the "Lune"
formerly Lon, whence Lancaster, More - comb,
bay is in sight of it and the rail passes a little
way along its shore, I notice our big blaisies in
great abundance in the road in England, but
they appear to be generally cleared from the fields.
I saw a few factories at Lancaster, and a few on

with who is now blind, and sees no one but ⁽⁵⁷⁾
has are in this neighbourhood, but I am not ⁶⁰
yet within that radius of 30 miles that includes
nearly 3 millions of people, chiefly operatives.
Farm fences all day have been chiefly stone
wall, as well as yesterday. Frequently very high and
heavy, even in the richest & most uncultivated
districts. Most of Yorkshire that I have seen is
very pretty and often ~~high~~ wild moors of heath
on high bleak hills, where grouse abound.
A great many of these birds are imported by the
game dealers from Norway, which must tend
rather to embarrass the efficacy of game laws.
Woodcock are shot in great numbers about
Sunderland, when they ~~leave~~ from Norway, glad
to rest. A great deal of Yorkshire has comparatively
little wood, but not so bare as Massachusetts.
It is much in a state of nature, as compared with
England generally. The hills are remarkably green here
and adapted to dairy. Farm wages are 18/ to 16/
per week without board. A reservoir is being con-
structed for in this neighbourhood, for the great
manufacturing town of Bradford. The common la-
bours ~~there~~ on this work has 4/ to 5/ per day.
Ship Carpenters in Sunderland at present have the
same. Common Carpenters in 1832 had only 18/
~~per~~ per week during the great depression of 3/
which nevertheless is ~~as much as we pay more~~
than was paid in Rhode Island in 1830.
I am at the "Craven Inn" and saw the name
of Coward somewhere on a sign, to day. The old
Castle of Skipton is on the edge of this town large
and very good. I walked 6 miles out to see
Bolton Abbey - It is prettier than Fountains,
~~but~~ and built of the same material apparently,
much smaller however. Like most of these insti-
tutions, it stands by the "Wharfe" in its beautiful
valley, with a pretty cataract running down an
opposite bank, of considerable height, but small.
In propriety, the Duke of Devonshire has a modern

carte by it, without beauty or care around (61
it, as if to contrast as much as possible with his
Chatsworth. At Lancaster Station, strawberries
that looked not half ripe, were offered on cabbage
leaves, about a coffee cup full for 6d, I found
them remarkably sweet. In the last sheet
before this I put some Ivy leaves from the toll
wall near Bolton Abbey. It is more interesting to
me than Fountains. There are Martineale Hills
amid the lake district, or something of the sort by that
name. A stream blue as lead itself was flowing
into Ullswater, I was told came from a very
rich & large lead mine near at hand.
On my delightful walk amid high heaps now
here, to Bolton Abbey, I was appalled by some
a lapwings, that pounced upon me with a
scream just as our Black birds do when
one passes near their nest in some bull rush.
This interesting bird flies with great grace
and ease, very much in the manner of a
fish hawk, which bird he strongly resembles
when immediately over one, and has one note
like the complaining pipe of the hawk, and
another like that of a Kitten when desperately
strayed away or lost. The very oldest looking yew
I have seen, is near the Ullswater. Its trunk has divided
strangely until it looks like a large cluster of small
trunks queerly twisted together, and the crown of
the tree very much conformed to it. The Fox
gloves, on side hills on ledges of rocks especially,
cover the ground and are very brilliant, more
so than with us, but I see no wild white ones,
and not yet in a garden even.

Hull 6 mo 25th, '57

I arrived here about 7½ P.M. 116 miles from
Skipton by a somewhat circuitous route as far
as Leeds. Hull has 84000 people, is 21 miles from
the Sea, and has extensive docks full of vessels.
Some large, there being 15 fathoms at dead low water
up to the town from the sea, and the tide rises 25
feet beside. There are 72 sea steamers belonging to the
port - trade is exceedingly dull in all sea ports here

but there are hundreds of vessels in the docks, I think, (62)
city hotel is immediately by the dock mouth and near
a dozen handsome sea steamers entered the docks
just before sunset, the tide then fairly, a very
pretty sight to see, and several vessels went out too.
The wharves outside are used at all times of tide.
Lying at one of these just under our window is
the *Atalanta* plying to Gainsborough 40 miles up
the Humber & Trent, a vessel really refreshing to
see being painted like one of the older terns in
the long striped watermelon style, and in particularly
pleasing taste, as well as showy. The ~~Bluff~~ above
the alluvials on both sides the Humber are of
chalk, and the river itself a bay far above this.
The country from Skipton to near Tordmorden is very
rich in pretty slopes and vales, it then becomes
a gorge deeper and deeper until the sides
are almost mountains. Manufactures of
various sorts continue to Leeds about which
and for some miles this side the country is
particularly rich and beautiful, then for
40 miles an almost dead level and proba-
bly not much above high water of the Humber.
Wheat is heading out and I saw trees not far
this side of Leeds red with delicious looking
cherries, some very fine looking ones were in
a shop at Burnley a pretty large manufacturing
town 17 miles this side of Skipton. Tordmorden
Hall looks like the engraving I have seen of it
in America, an old fashioned comfortable
looking house of no large size that makes one
ask why it should have been published, a Doll,
Taylor now occupies it. Near the Copley Sta-
tion I saw a large 5 story stone mill (some
250 feet long) built upon an ~~inclined~~ inclined
plane (instead of perpendicularly) conforming to the
ground on which it stood. The corners were per-
pendicular but the lines of windows are not
horizontal nor is the roof, and I presume the
floors are not. I could not learn the object of so
peculiar a construction. For miles in this

2 neighbourhood the rail passes through hills (63
by a succession of tunnels, several of which
are quite long. The smoke of the whole district
as far as Leeds is quite intolerable. The sky is
darkened and the air perfumed with it.
By the way the air to day has been perfect balm
and I slept last night on a simple sheet,
a feather bed to be sure, for Matthrup have not
reached further than the great thoroughfares
of England yet, in the hotels. Halifax is also
a large manufacturing town, where is just finished a
most beautiful gothic church, with the most
graceful & perfect spire too I have ever seen.
This new church contrasts very strongly with a
very good sample of those of older date, that
stands not far from it in the same town, which
is likewise quite pretty near the top.
Sowerby is on a hill, a great Iron town where
the shot were cast for the Russian war, and some
of the cannon. Near by it is Bradford with its
Cheney stalks thick as Cyprus Rush in a
Slipshippie Swamp - ~~So~~ nearly 100,000 people
are there. The town makes almost exclusively
"Stuffs" which I find are such fabrics made of
Wool as women wear, light textiles. Bradford is
just about the extremity of the 30 mile radius of
which Manchester is the centre, and which comprises
nearly 300,000 of human beings. There is great
uneasiness at the scarcity and high prices and pro-
spects of cotton. Some meetings have been held. I
suspect the inferior India cotton will be much
increased in quantity if high prices continue.
There is some heather on the hills, the fields are
more well or than hedged though often both. On
the hill slopes stand acres together of oak trees
that have been lately peeled even the branches
being left on them, as far as they would bear boys
to strip their bark. The rest is cut off & piled on the
ground. The effect is rather ghastly and reminds
one of a butcher's shop. In Leeds I saw Marshall's
celebrated one storied mills for spinning flax thread.
The establishment has only the ground floor, on which

the machinery is operated that oscillation (64)
may be avoided as far as practicable in the spin-
ning. The swaying of upper worms, it is said, causes
the thread in this nice description of thread to kink
and knot. In the great manufacturing districts
I have passed through, the mills are ~~generally~~ good
enough apparently, and some are rather hand-
some, but none that I have seen will compare
architecturally with our finest. The houses of
the operatives appear comfortable, but are gen-
erally in long blocks, which are not so nice as
separate ones. This however is the case very often
with ours. At Selby on the Ouse is a very great
old church, that looks as if it had been a cathed-
ral in its day - especially as the land is a rich
alluvial for miles about it. There is less atten-
tion at the stations in the manufacturing districts,
as a rule, to passengers than in other portions of
Britain. At not one half of them is notice given
of even the changes of carriages, much more the
names of the places - There are always marked
on the station to be sure, but generally they are
cried also. I think there are many more changes
of carriages here than with us, for the branch roads
are every few miles. I have found 2 stations lately
where change did appear to be provided at the
Borking office, but Burnly to day, no water could
be obtained to drink, "some one has stolen the pipe
of the filter" was the apology. I remember, however,
there was no water at the station at Glenheim
so much visited. I notice a peculiarity in much
of Yorkshire, country and people more like Amer-
icans. I was thinking to day how rarely I met
with festchmen in England, but I find one at this
inn, just returned from a Russian tour, and in
the Baltic countries. There is a large trade here
in both Baltic and American timber. I observe
the ends of the piles of plank are covered with coarse
sisal baling cloth, nailed on, to prevent cracking
I suppose. This has been a hot seasoning day
so considered here. I think it about right, the

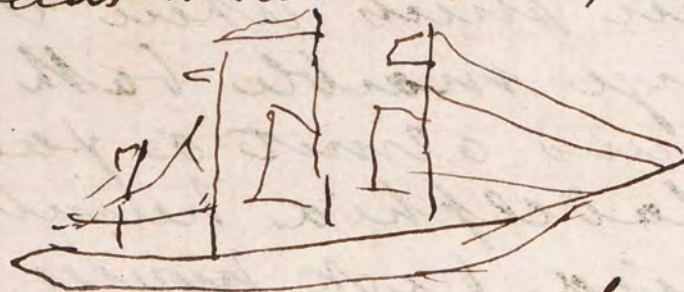
Sea breeze is very grateful, with all the heat (65
the sky is quite murky - no clear day, but the
weather is considered remarkably favourable for
hay making which is beginning. I got some nice
Strawberries for tea, and hope to get cherries tomorrow.
In one of the newer streets where I went to get
a very nice large marble bath of warm
water for 4, I found almost a fair simile of
some of the Philadelphia humble streets
of nice two storied brick houses, even to the
pilasters each side of the door, & wide shadow
street & side walks &c. I have now been pretty
much over England, probably have seen as much
of this Island (superficially) as many other persons
native or otherwise. A year (nearly) of experience
has only made me love the country more and
more, ^{I more} ~~admire~~ and respect its people the better
I have become acquainted with them, while at the
same time I have grown stronger and stronger
in my disapprobation of many of their institu-
tions. I have no doubt however that the better
we are acquainted with any people, or with
human nature at large, the more we shall
shed any prejudices we may have against them.
I should leave England with greater regret if
I had no expectation of returning, I shall carry
from it most pleasing memories and I hope to
not soon forget the grateful feelings the ever
and uninterrupted kindness of its people has
inspired. I have taken my passage on board
a Swedish liner, a nice looking steamer, for
Christiana, to sail at high tide, from the dock,
tomorrow evening about 9 P.M., her name is
"Ganga Rolf" but I will give you a copy of my
ticket (for which I pay 3 guineas, meals not included),
and then you will perhaps know as much about
it as I do myself. An English one runs every
other Friday. Hull is a very central point for both
coasters and foreign steamers - and I find its
people very obliging and as every where else in

This Country, immediately particularly (66)
Kind on finding I am a foreigner,
But here is the delight I promise you

Brevbefordring Det

Søndeffjelds-norske dampskibsselskab

No



Mr. J. P. Hazard has engaged i
Fracht skid skill, sam Papager paa
late Plads med Dampskibet Dangu Rolf
for at afgaae den 26/27 Jun 1857
midday herfra til den 25 June 1857 "

If your Station should fail you in this matter
you have only to send for the member of the
Dighton Rock, or I dare say the founder of
the "old mill" can set all right.

As I was enjoying the delicious air on the
fine large balcony of the Skipton on this morning
a gentleman came in called for breakfast &
I soon learned he had already come this day
from Kendal, I found him a well educated
gentleman of good sense and much reflection.
Having finished his breakfast he ordered his carri-
age, shook hands with me and left, I followed
him to the door when he was just on the point
of driving off, when I asked him if he knew
John Wakefield of Sedgwick. ~~Certainly~~
he is my father in law. I remarked I had
dined with him in December last with Mr
Crippen and Mrs, and I was to have dined
with you but missed it, give me your hand
again, when are you going, "my train does
not start for 3/4 hour said I" I will go to the
Station and wait with you & have ~~more~~ talk.
He stood till the train started, a most hearty
young fellow, most cordially hoping we should
meet in Kendal again, which is probable.

He gave me his card, A. D. Knightley,
I had a letter from James Tait of Golspie, this
evening. ^{He has been a carpenter for Duke of}
Sutherland. I rather think he is ingenious, and
worthy - He desires advice about America,
intending soon to emigrate. I shall advise
him to go to New England where it is healthy,
work there until he can learn about the work
for himself, and how to protect himself from
it, should he decide to settle in that part
of the country. Should he go to South Kingston
I think R. G. H. or S. Rosman might find him
with trying. I believe they are always in want of
carpenters - This is a young man -
Jan 1857 - had 9 days in which I saw no rain
Feb _____ 23
March _____ 16
April _____ 7
May _____ 23
June to date 13 out of 26 days
26th

A most lovely morning I am in a nice 2d story
room looking out on the harbour of Hull, ships
steaming &c &c are going in all directions, a band of
music is on a pier near at hand and a light breeze
fanning all in the heat that is delicious enough
without the music. A man of war fired a few
minutes ago a full broadside, that seemed as in
terrible as a drunken brawl in a quaker meeting.
This people groans for every shot that is fired, yet
they will shoot - Such is human nature - most of them
are men who speak of the late and other wars, remark
it cost a great deal to be sure, but no body
feels it - Yet not a paper is issued that is not de
voting some remission of oppressive taxes, the poor
rates are in every month, reach every pocket, while
crime grows so rampant under the influence of war
and preparation of its sort that more than half the na
tion is sometimes frightened at the future. The
church is very anxious about the matter and
very believes that unless its efforts are extended
its resources and revenues increased, there things
will come to a very fearful head, and do not

seem ask if empty stomachs be not a cause. I believe that beer & whiskey detract fully 15 per cent from the productive power of England, yet I am fully persuaded they are a far less evil than that of the established church, I am satisfied if the latter could be extirpated (and in its present form it is certain to be) breweries and distilleries would be soon disarmed. But this preposterous concern, pretending itself sufficient unto all things, discounteracting with it most unfortunate influences, whatever emanates elsewhere, retard all, although, paradoxical it may seem, the nation as such loathes very name of Church and its blasphemous pretensions. We will see before long - By the way a monastic institution is just being commenced that intend to rival those of the days of Furnace, Fountains or Linton. I hear one fellow in the street this morn- day to another, "I never knew an old man but that he always knew more than any body else"; I think this a good sign. It is time the old should cease to govern to the extent they have ^{done}, let the young come in for a share, who do most of the work and ought to have some of the pay. I will be satisfied to eat such strawberries in cream as I have just had for breakfast, those ripe now are like our Hovey seedlings but not so large, They are sweeter though. I do not hear from Isaac & Mary so I suppose they are yet on the continent. I do not know how I shall move when I get there - travel becomes labour, waste discomfort, confusion, to me if plans are to be pursued - Even the rough sketches of them that I had marked, have had no effect on my movements, and for me I am sure it is the best way to have nothing to do with them. I hope you are enjoying this fine season of the year in New Port. The air here to day is like it. The only draw back I see is the coffee colour of every part of the Harbour, caused by the great tides over the mud flats, I suppose. Your affectionate brother

I enclose a spray of the plants from Rydale Mount to Miss Anne King (corner of Church St) with my compliments.

No 19 of 68 pages
chester 6 m 11. 57



Hawkweed









From Ambleride
6m 22-57









